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BRITANNIA and

Eve

JULY 1956

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CONTENTS

EVE Special Inquiry—

Who Plays At The Palace? 10
by a Special Correspondent

Stories—

The Secret 9
by Pamela Holmes

Man Who Came Back 16
by Patrick and Eileen Marsh

The Witch's Cat 40
by Peter de Basley

People—

Wife In The Wilds 5
by Trevor Allen

Sir Albert Richardson 13
by Arthur W. Jacobs

Places—

Estoril—Royal Waiting-Room 18
by Eva Lis Wuorio

Features—

Britain's Forgotten Women 28
by Barbara Cartland

The Darn-proof Husband 6

You And Your Money—Rates 42

Fashion—

Put Yourself In Print 52
Edited by Anne de Courcy

Shopping In Scotland 31

EVE Pattern Service 56

Knitting—

A Likely Yarn 22
Edited by Barbara Riches

Do It Yourself—

Go Gay In The Bathroom 24

New Floors In Old Houses 66

Food—

Recipe Of The Month 43

Food Forum 64

Drink—

Home Wine Making 38

Introduction To Wine 63

In The Garden—

Planning Ahead 63

On The Road—

Three Wheel Cars 51

Beauty—

Bathtime Beauty Care 26

Books And Records— 65

Eve's Good Buys— 64

SPECIAL FEATURE

100 Ways to Improve your Home 45
by John Frayn Turner

INSIDE INFORMATION

Experts at work : Eve's home editor Barbara Riches compares notes with Victor Crosse at a session of the famous "10 o'clock Testing" team. All in the day's work for ex-Wren Riches. She is thirty, married to a good-looking Canadian, lives in West Kensington. As you might expect, she is an excellent cook and a keen do-it-yourself fan : both facilities will be combined next month in a feature on building a barbecue.

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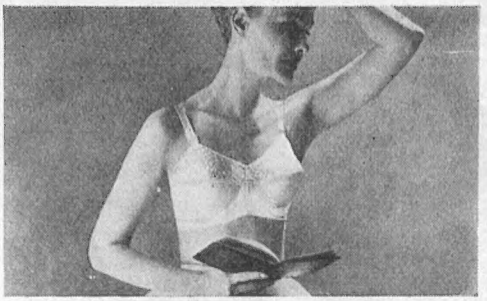

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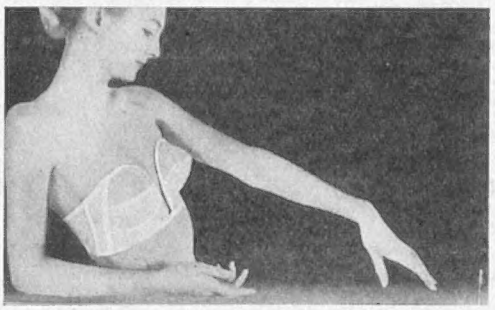

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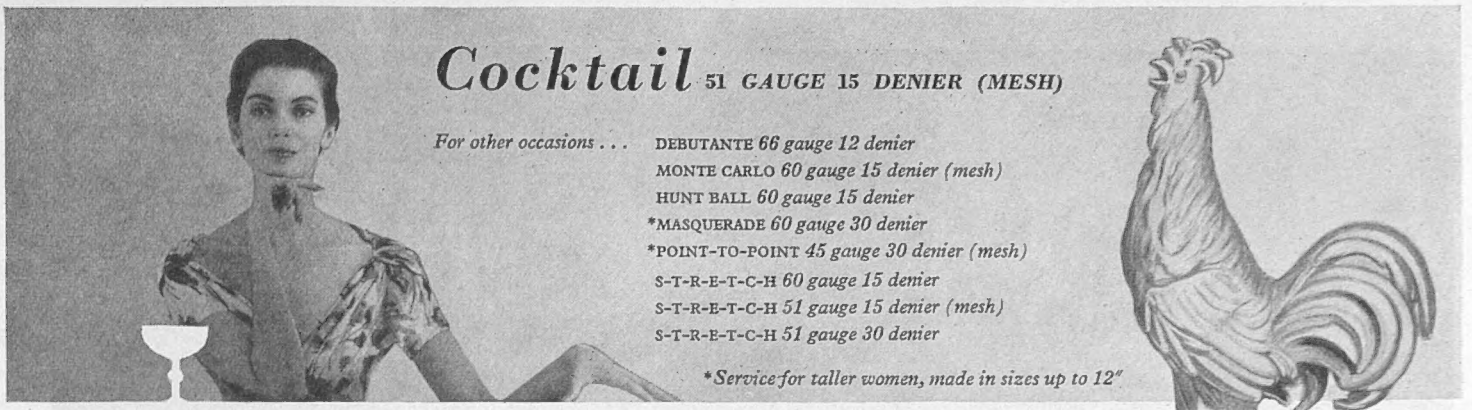

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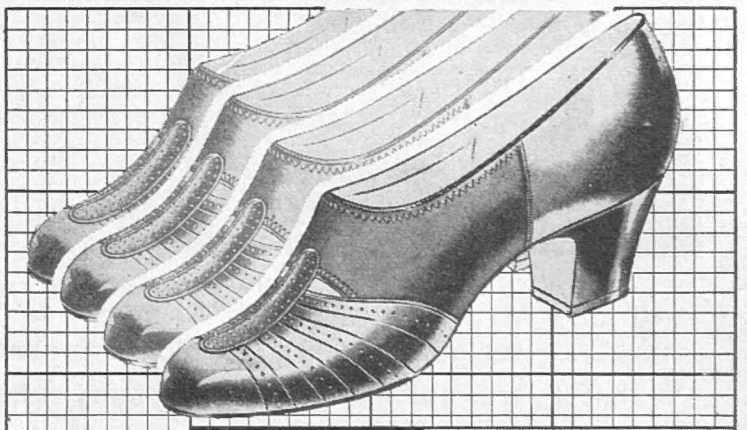

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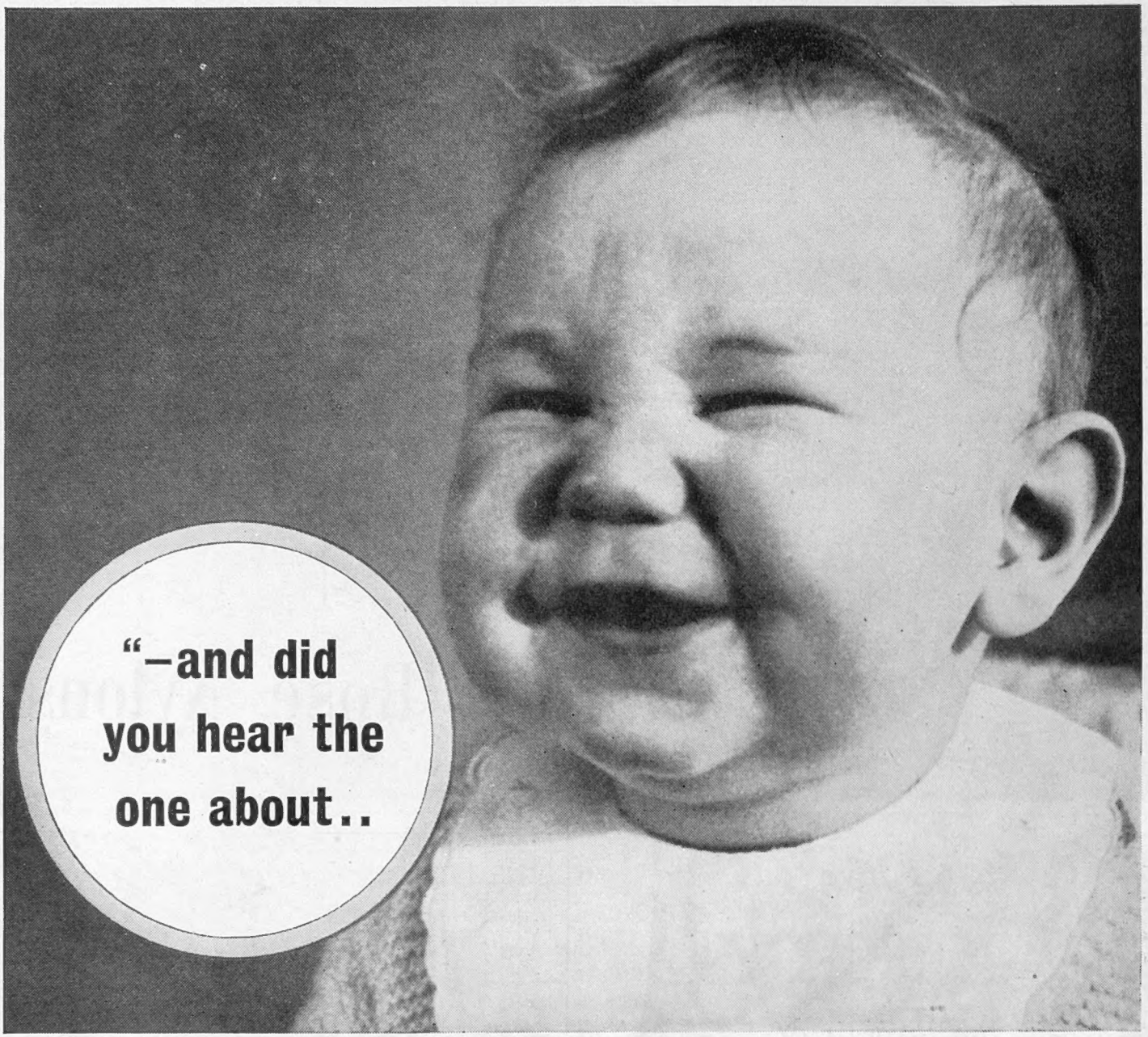

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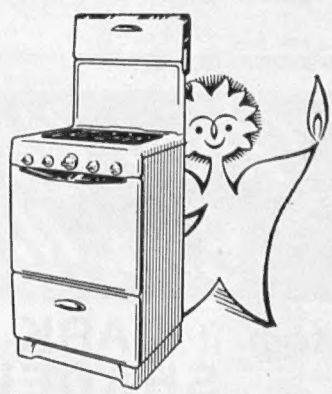

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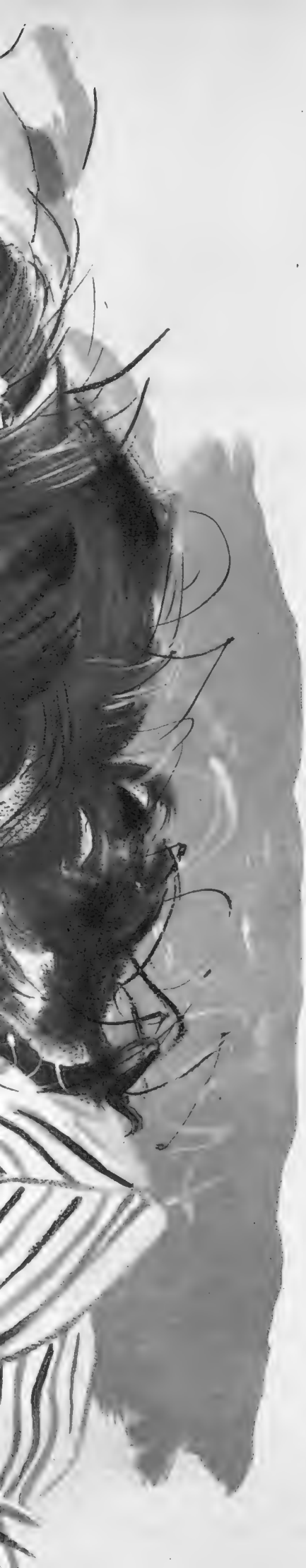


The SECRET

Handwork lessons were really the worst.

"Danger, danger," throbbed Emily's beating heart

by PAMELA HOLMES

ALTHOUGH it was still dark Emily knew it was morning because she could hear the muffled clank-clank-clank running up the pipes. Dick-Duck was doing the boiler in the little black shed down by the side of the house.

It must be very cold out there so early, she thought, snuggling down. She shut her eyes and saw Dick-Duck, whose face was always blue and prickly, blowing through his fingers like he did in the garden when it was snowing.

His name was really Mr. Dick, but her father called him Dick-Duck for fun, and it was terribly difficult to remember not to say it to his face. Emily generally managed to call him nothing at all, and she hoped he didn't notice, because she liked him very much.

She lay still and listened to the clank-clank. Then there was a little jump in her heart because she remembered. Today Maureen was going to tell her the secret!

She wrapped her thin arms round herself and gazed up at the dark ceiling. Ever since she had gone to school a year ago she had longed to be friends with Maureen.

MAUREEN was beautiful. She had the bluest eyes Emily had ever seen, with a dancing little yellow bit in the middle, and thick, thick lashes; and hair that was really curly, and exactly the colour of golden syrup when you stared right down into the tin. How wonderful it must be to look like Maureen!

When Emily had first gone to school a strange thing had happened. The others had laughed at her and done all sorts of mean things. The very first day they had taken her round panama hat when it was time to go home, and hung it by its elastic on a nail high over the bit of cracked mirror in the cloakroom.

Every time she got on a chair to take it down they had given her little pushes—not very hard ones, but just so that she lost her balance and couldn't reach it. In the end, though she tried terribly hard not to, she had cried.

One of them knocked it down with a tennis racquet, and they all laughed while she picked it up and put it on. Fenella, who had a heavy black fringe, and slanting green eyes like a cat, had hooked her finger under the elastic, and then let it go—smack!—under her chin, knocking her glasses sideways.

That nearly made her cry again, and then somebody said: "Emmelina, semolina!" and they had all simply roared with laughter as she picked up her case and crept out of the cloakroom door.

That was only the beginning. After that it got much worse. She used to dread going to school in the end, and the worst part about it was that she couldn't understand why they liked to be so horrid to her. She wanted to be friends terribly, and especially with Maureen. It was Maureen who had hung up the hat in the first place, and who always seemed to lead on the others against her.

SHE tried taking them things—sweets, and squares of coloured blotting-paper which she found in her father's desk. Then they would be nicer for a bit, but it never lasted for long.

Soon somebody would yell "Emmelina, semolina!" across the class-room while they were waiting for a lesson to begin, and it started all over again.

It was only during lessons that she found a certain amount of peace. Except for handwork lessons. They were the worst—they were terrible. These were a "free and easy" period, and Miss Browne brought her library book and sat with her nose in it the whole time.

Right under her bespectacled, absorbed gaze was evolved a torture far more exquisite than anything thought up in her latest romance.

THE conversation which accompanied the knitting and sewing gradually assumed an intricate sort of code, from which Emily was excluded, and whose sole purpose was bent on her destruction.

Some terrifying message was hissed from desk to desk, until it had gone the round, and then, according to its hideous instruction, Emily was subjected to a sudden pinch, or a jab in the back of the neck with a pen-nib; or the contents of her work-basket were swept to the floor.

Or somebody would lean over and jerk the stitches from her knitting needle. This was worst, because it entailed a journey up to Miss Browne to have them put on again, and she was always very cross and sarcastic about it.

Emily hated her piece of red knitting. Every Wednesday she (*Continued on page 67*)

Illustration by Arthur Dion

A special correspondent reports on the Queen's plan for bringing up Britain's future king

WHO PLAYS AT THE PALACE?

WHO are the Royal playmates—the friends of Prince Charles and Princess Anne? The children who play cricket and football with a future king, help his sister with her doll's house—go to dancing classes at Buckingham Palace?

They step from the top drawer of Society. Some already are Lords and Ladies. There is Lord Lascelles who is five, eight-year-old Viscount Ipswich, Lady Henrietta FitzRoy who is six.

But the playtime laughter which echoes along the red-carpeted corridors of the Palace is stripped of all restrained formality. There may be an excited shout for Julie, Edward, Chris, Marilyn, Tony, Susan . . . for Charles or Anne.

Often the Queen and the Duke, with some of the parents who are their own friends, watch. The children are too busy enjoying themselves, as only children can, to take any notice.

From this happiness the Queen and the Duke get particular joy. For it has always been their wish that Charles and Anne should be unaffected by the net of officialdom which always surrounds them.

To a remarkable degree their plan is working. Already Charles and Anne have settled into an ordered routine, broken only occasionally by public appearances.

The playmates go to the Palace at least once a week—most of them on Wednesdays to join the dancing classes.

One of the dancers is pretty, seven-year-old Marilyn Wills, whose father is a member of the millionaire tobacco family.

Her family live in a mansion at Binfield, in Berkshire. It was here that Princess Margaret and Group-Captain Peter Townsend stayed for a few days before the Princess issued her statement that they were not to marry.

A POLICE guard was thrown round the Wills' estate—to keep out reporters from all over the world. And it was Marilyn who pierced the security lines to talk to the reporters.

As a policeman looked on, helpless, Marilyn climbed a wooden fence and talked to reporters about Princess Anne.

Two other playmates are Viscount Ipswich and his sister, Lady Henrietta. Their mother is the thirty-four-year-old, tall, fair-haired Countess of Euston, a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen for more than two years.

Her husband, thirty-six, is the heir to the Duke of Grafton and one of the Queen's oldest friends.

For a time the Countess was a nurse at a London hospital. She has another daughter, Lady Virginia, who is two. The Queen is her godmother.

Two other friends of Prince Charles and his sister are Guy and Angela Nevill, children of Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill,

◀ Fair-haired Marilyn Wills dresses more formally for Palace dancing classes. She is seven-years-old

Prince Charles and Princess Anne seen at London Airport with Viscount Ipswich and his sister, Lady Henrietta

Another Royal playmate : five-year-old Viscount Lascelles, who is the son of the Earl and Countess of Harewood

who have an estate at Uckfield, in Sussex. Charles and Anne have been to Uckfield to play. Guy is ten, and the Queen Mother is his godmother. Angela is seven. Her godfather is Group-Captain Peter Townsend.

Often at the Palace is Edward Hay, who is five, and his brother Andrew, four. Their mother, Lady Margaret Hay, is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. Her husband, thirty-seven-year-old Mr. Philip Hay, is personal secretary to the Duchess of Kent.

He was a prisoner during the war and for a time worked on the notorious Siam Railway. The Queen is godmother to Edward.

TWO more dancers at the Royal class are Anthony, eight, and Sara Winnington, five, children of Lieut.-Colonel Winnington and Lady Betty Anson, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield.

Another is Rosemary Browne whose mother, Lady Moyra Browne, thirty-eight, is the wife of a leading London surgeon and used to be a St. John's nurse.

She has another son, Desmond, who is nearly nine and is the Princess Royal's godchild.

Christopher Penn, aged six, and his eight-year-old brother, David, also go to the Palace. Their father, Major Eric Penn, M.C., Grenadier Guards, married Miss Prudence Stewart-Wilson. The Queen was at their wedding.

Two other members of the Royal children's circle are Charles, seven, and Benjamin, five, children of Captain John Henry Wiggin and Lady Cecilia Anson, another daughter of the Earl of Lichfield.

The children of Lady Brabourne, eldest daughter of Earl Mountbatten, are also close friends of Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

They are Norton, eight, and Michael, six. The Queen is Michael's godmother. Lady Brabourne—Pat to the Queen—is godmother to Prince Charles.

DURING the war she was in the W.R.N.S. and was on her father's staff at South-East Asia Command. Here she met Lord Brabourne, a captain in the Coldstream Guards, who was A.D.C. to Field-Marshal Sir William Slim.

Two very popular children at the Palace are Julie, six, and Michael, ten, whose father is thirty-five-year-old Lieut.-Commander Michael Parker, the Duke of Edinburgh's Private Secretary.

The Duke and Commander Parker served together as first lieutenants on the East Coast patrol. Soon after Commander Parker was invalided out of the Navy, he received a note from the Duke saying: "Will you be my Equerry ?"

That was seven years ago. Commander Parker is an Australian and shares the Duke's enthusiasm for cricket. His wife is Scottish. They met when she was in the W.R.N.S.

For Prince Charles and Princess Anne each morning there is school in the room at the Palace where their mother and Princess Margaret had their lessons.

Charles takes history and geography, maths., English and drawing. He has nature walks in the grounds of the Palace and has begun to learn to play the piano.

Princess Anne concentrates on reading. Her writing is developing and she can set down her name. She is also fond of drawing.

Visits to places outside the Palace are an important part of the children's education.

Prince Charles has been down London's Underground. With the Queen Mother he went for a Thames trip in a police launch, and he has visited the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey and the Guildhall.

THE Royal children often watch the home-going thousands during the rush hour. On these occasions there is no fuss, no police escort—not even one of the Rolls-Royce cars from the Royal fleet.

They go in a black Ford Zephyr so that no one recognizes them. That is how the Queen and the Duke want their children to go about.

Although every effort is made to bring them up like ordinary youngsters, Charles and Anne do not see as much of their parents as do other children.

They have weekends together at Windsor Castle. They are together for Easter at Windsor, the summer holiday at Balmoral and Christmas festivities at Sandringham.

But more frequently now the Queen and the Duke are away for long periods.

Who looks after Charles and Anne while their parents are away ?

The Queen has chosen three women on the staff at Buckingham Palace.

In charge while the Queen is away is the children's governess, small, dark-haired Miss Katherine Peebles, who comes from Glasgow.

SHE gave Prince Charles his first school lesson more than two years ago. She is known as "the gentle disciplinarian." Her methods develop self-control—and enable her pupils to develop a sense of humour.

Second of the trio is a twenty-seven-year-old nanny, Miss Mabel Anderson, daughter of a Liverpool policeman killed in the blitz. Often she takes the children for walks in the parks.

Chief nanny is a rosy-cheeked Scotswoman, Miss Helen Lightbody, who has been at Buckingham Palace eight years.

She saw Prince Charles for the first time at his christening. For six years she was at York House with the two sons of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

Miss Lightbody usually travels with Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

At 20 he earned £2 10s. a week. And wore a top hat, " to impress workmen "

Professor Richardson, the not-so-gentle Knight, talks to Arthur W. Jacobs

THE ARCH-CRITIC TURNS HIS BACK ON THE 1950s

But, on reflection, he adds: "I would not like to have lived in any other century"

HE is not a big man. Yet, in his way, he is a great man. He is an amiable eccentric with common sense, a designer of palaces, yet a champion of front parlours. He is as controversial as Art itself.

He dismisses critics as "the owls, bats and fleas of modern life because they hoot, see things upside down and nip."

But he is the arch-critic himself. He can never keep an opinion to himself. It burns a hole in his mind.

He is Sir Albert Richardson, President of the Royal Academy, re-elected for a second year despite passing the age limit of seventy-five.

A portly figure with chubby, clean-shaven face, the president does not walk so much as potter. He takes hasty little steps, scarcely lifting his feet.

It is as if a young mind is trying to goad old legs into ignoring the years. And this is probably the truth, for he says :

"One should never grow up. Artists are always young in spirit. Always go on working to the end—yes. Never know when you may go off. Best that way —yes."

HE has a habit of murmuring the affirmative, to himself as it were, when in conversation—particularly after making a remark to which he attaches some importance.

He probably murmured it when he promised the Queen to make her reign beautiful.

He is more subdued than his public speeches would suggest. For the president, in public, is the master of the sweeping statement and the belligerent phrase.

Not for him the mediocrity of sweet reason An architect by profession and pleasure, he has a mighty prejudice against modern trends in design.

"Nothing should be streamlined except water closets," he declares.

His predecessor at the Academy, Sir Alfred Munnings, said of him : "Be he merely a peaceful professor and not yet a knight, he certainly is leading a charge as a brave, gallant knight should do."

And now the peaceful professor is a knight of the realm in fact. His armour is his bias.

If he raises his helm it is only to cry 'havoc' at some defender of stark modernism—as of modern blocks of flats : "Matchboxes on stilts—maggotries !"

SIR ALBERT never overstates his case. He is content with hyperbole. Of new town designs, he says : "Modernism gone wild. Straight lines, rude colourings, flat roofs.

"The ghosts of England of the past must rise in their millions to denounce this strange expression which has taken root.

"But they are the same English today as they were at Agincourt and will one day react against all the nonsense they put up with now."

The president reacted himself in York market one day. A woman was buying a painted china dog at a stall.

Sir Albert bought the remaining dog on the stall and with all the solemnity of a ritual murder, smashed it to the ground on the spot. "It was so hideous," he recalls with artistic distaste.

His own conceptions of good design exist for all to consider, praise or condemn as they please.

He was responsible for the Royal Pavilion at Ascot, the façade of Regent Street Polytechnic, which he based on the Sorbonne and the Jockey Club headquarters at Newmarket.

He also rebuilt the war-destroyed Trinity House, near the Tower of London.

BUT whatever your opinion, Sir Albert will remain unrepentant; although he would never forget to acknowledge gracefully any favourable verdict.

He began studying architecture at the age of fifteen in the Temple and furthered his studies at London University. He was absorbed in his chosen career.

(*Continued overleaf*)

From the Duke of Windsor—a look of disgust and a sharp refusal

From the King—praise and a much-needed royal commission

New flats?—matchboxes. New towns? —modernism run wild

The greatest find in the antique world is this ivory bust of Lord Summers by Le Marchand, a Huguenot refugee. Known as the "missing ivory," it was found by Sir Albert being sold as plaster in an antique shop in Cambridge

Lady Richardson shares her husband's sense of fun. Here she shows how fetching ladies' bonnets were in 1810—so much so that gallant gentlemen could not resist the urge to see that the silk ribbons were securely fastened

Electricity is "vulgar"—so the professor bans it from his Georgian country house

He sketched wherever he went—and still does. In fifteen years he filled two hundred sketchbooks of forty pages each. "That was an architectural education in itself—yes."

THE student Richardson sketched all the buildings of his time in Fleet Street, and his admiration grew for the magnificence of Wren's work.

"I realized that if I studied Wren I would get all the periods before and all the periods after him."

The influence of Wren formed Richardson's great love of the eighteenth century. He not only loves it but lives it.

One shakes hands with him and realizes that his firm but not hearty grip is really the traditional evidence that he is not about to draw a treacherous sword.

But one would not be surprised to see the president wearing a sword, even with his dark lounge suit. He certainly carries the impedimenta of two centuries ago in its conventional pockets.

Let's get him to turn them out on the table.

He produces a silver Georgian snuff box of 1790, then a steel latch key—to his Ampthill house—whose shaft folds back into a leaf shaped guard carried out in baroque flourishes.

Sir Albert designed the key himself and had it made nearly forty years ago.

Now he turns out a delicate one-foot folding ivory rule, carried "because if you have this and a three foot umbrella, you can measure a cathedral."

From another pocket comes a tiny box of paints, half an inch wide and three inches long, containing brush and seven colours, "which is all you need for water colours and comes in useful at long ceremonies in places like Westminster Abbey."

He also paints on the back of menu cards if bored at a dinner.

Tortoiseshell lorgnettes of 1836 are a pocket standby if he forgets his modern spectacles.

His chiming gold pocket watch dates from the same period, like the silver and mother of pearl fruit knife and fork produced from another pocket . . . "in case you suddenly fancy an apple or pear."

The president keeps sixpences in a silver Victorian matchbox as his emergency money. "If I lose my wallet I can always send a telegram, and it is useful always to have a shilling for tipping cabmen."

From other pockets come a pair of folding dividers and an 1806 compass: "for taking bearings, sighting buildings and finding the sun."

Perhaps Beau Brummel did not carry all these things, but he had an eye for a different kind of beauty and was not an architect.

AT Ampthill, Bedfordshire, in his fine Georgian house Sir Albert has recreated the eighteenth century, which he regards as "Britain's finest period.

"I realized the beauty and simplicity of the Georgian era. I found peace in that age of fine architecture and fine art."

And appropriately, it was his love of

the Regency period, expressed in a book, that changed the whole pattern of his working life.

It raised him from the architectural jungle of public competitions in design to the lofty professional plateau of royal patronage.

Richardson's absorption in his work was soon noticed and—although still a seventeen-year-old student, he was asked to undertake Birkbeck college lectures in architectural design and history.

"I suppose I was thirty seconds ahead of my students," he says. Let us mark that as one of the president's rare understatements. It shows an unbecoming modesty which he has rightly lived down.

AT twenty he became an architect's assistant for £120 a year, and adopted the silk hat and frock coat which was the uniform of the profession.

"Without it, you would have no authority with workmen."

Three years later, in 1903, still the assistant: "I was in Buckingham Palace making designs for the ballroom. The designs were carried out, but I didn't get the credit."

By 1908, now twenty-eight, Richardson and a friend from student days opened their own office.

Their plans for a public building at Stirling, in open competition, were widely tipped to win. "But we didn't—because we weren't Scots—yes."

They designed a new Opera House for Manchester. It stands today but the promoting company went broke. No more commissions came in for a year.

Richardson wrote a book on Regency architecture. It chanced to be read by the secretary of the Duchy of Cornwall, who showed it to King George V.

The King had a decided preference for the Regency style: "He had very good taste. Yes"—and Richardson was commissioned to improve Royal properties.

The main task was to do over Tor Royal, a large house near Dartmoor. The King fancied it as a country house for the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor.)

The royal commission was a great success. There was only one flaw.

The Prince of Wales went to see the improved Tor Royal and declared: "I'm not going to stay in that damned place." It was given over to the estate agent.

But the King had noticed Richardson and snob commissions began to come in.

The first World War took Albert Richardson to Farnborough Royal Aircraft Establishment as a member of the Royal Flying Corps.

Then to Southampton, where the man who loved columns and flourishes set to work to build a depot out of aeroplane wings. His makeshift buildings eventually accommodated five hundred people.

WITH peace, came his richest period. He became Professor of Architecture at London University in 1919—a position that failed to contain him for years.

Students used to scramble for the big charcoal drawings with which he illustrated his lectures as he went along. "I reconstructed street scenes of the past.

"It was such an aid to memory for them to see the thing growing before them." The skill planted throughout two hundred sketchbooks was being harvested.

Richardson remembers with enjoyment his conversation with King George V when he showed him over the new Jockey Club at Newmarket.

"I see you have made the door handles in the form of horses, Mr. Richardson," remarked the King.

"Yes, sire," replied Richardson. "No one gets in here without first pulling a horse."

The King laughed and they entered the inner sanctum of the club, which Richardson had lined with saddle leather.

King George looked round and noticing the leather walls, he glanced under his brows at the architect and said: "You are quite right to have put them in a padded room."

THE president and I were sitting in a window overlooking the forecourt of the Royal Academy as he told me of this previously undisclosed example of the late king's sense of humour.

"Jolly good stuff this, isn't it—yes."

The twenties and thirties enabled Richardson to indulge in his love of the past. He acquired authentic eighteenth-century clothing into which he changed at Ampthill in the evenings.

His Georgian dinner parties, at which guests dressed in the period and were entertained by their host on the harpsichord, attracted attention.

He became the complete Georgian. And his family enjoyed the illusion too.

When his daughter Kathleen went to a party wearing eighteenth-century costume and travelled in a sedan chair borne by suitably dressed young friends, Professor Richardson walked behind bearing a lanthorn.

"Half way down the village street we were stopped by the village constable, who pointed out that the chair had no rear light," Sir Albert recalls.

"But I explained to him that we were really carrying a parcel which did not

(*Continued on page 42*)

No domestic problem here! Discreet, ever-present, unpaid, these life-size wooden figures of servants, painted with amazing realism, are dotted about the Richardsons' large eighteenth-century house to combat claustrophobia

In his student days Sir Albert wore this cat mask to a performance of "Oliver Twist" at His Majesty's as a silent comment on Sir Herbert Tree's acting. Lady Richardson holds a leather Toby jug from eighteenth-century Spain

Every married woman will recognize . . .

The

Guy had just wanted

a good time and I

turned him down.

But now he was back . . .

MAN WHO CAME BACK

by PATRICK and EILEEN MARSH

I'D had another bilious attack this morning, just as Alex was leaving for the bank, and it made him late, and he hates being late. He said, as he always does, rather apologetically, that the manager being late set a bad example.

But he hadn't meant only that : it was the thought of Head Office ringing up and finding he wasn't there which scared him. He is that sort of person, everyone's dog's-body and kindness itself. Always tolerant and seeing the other's point of view.

And if those are not exactly glamorous qualities they are not to be scoffed at. They helped get him where he is, and they help socially in a sort of negative way. He is secretary of this and treasurer of that and we are always being dragged off to dinners.

Am I, I sometimes wonder, any different to thousands of other wives ? When one gets down to it, isn't it simply that all women secretly long for something that isn't there and never has been, except in their imagination ?

It does not stop one loving one's husband, if loving means keeping that sort of what-might-have-been nonsense strictly out of the reckoning.

I had as many opportunities as the next girl when I was young and I 'd chosen Alex. I have no regrets, he 's always been a darling. Of course he is dull, whose husband isn't—— ?

Supposing he hadn't been dull and conventional and had told me to go off and have a good time, accept that lunch invitation or that party and all that went with it ?

Supposing he had done those things and not just sat smiling complacently, knowing damn well he 'd nothing to worry about ? Just supposing. Well, what *would* I have done ?—gone as far as the kitchen stove of course, sulking as usual, and got the supper.

I do not get these moods very often, thank goodness. And I am not awfully proud of them. I don't like facing the fact that probably I, too, have become dull, perhaps always have been dull.

Then I get angry for accepting this as an answer, and try to throw the responsibility on to Alex. And then I get round to remembering the rare occasions when we did go somewhere amusing . . . and it wasn't conceit that tells me I can hold my own, nor imagination that suggests there was sometimes an interest if I 'd cared to accept it.

And not necessarily just *that* interest, either—except when a woman 's moderately attractive, and on top of that there 's a certain mental affinity, the other often develops before one can say boo.

I had a mood this morning, it came on as soon as Alex had gone. I had a lunch date with a girl I knew and we were meeting at the Coventry Street Corner House, of all unimaginative places, and I 'd suggested it.

I had a new perky hat, but I felt such a hag after the bilious attack I couldn't face it. I looked like that Death on the Road poster and dragged the thing off, and then in desperation stuck it on again and set out.

We live in Ladbroke Grove and I seem always to get the same bus with the same cheeky conductor if I go out around this time. He was having great fun today. It was Ascot Week and he was shouting all the place-stops in a cockney Oxford accent.

IF I 'd had the wit to realize what would happen, I 'd have sat inside by the door and said something first. Instead I went upstairs, which was fairly crowded, and even before he got to me I heard it coming—*Somebody's going in the Royal Enclosure !* And everyone looked round and grinned at me and I suppose it *was* funny. But I could have screamed.

It depressed me so much that I thought I 'd get off at the next stop and phone Ruth, the girl I was meeting, and say I couldn't make it. But I 'd known Ruth since I was a girl and she was about the one person I could talk to.

She was at the Corner House first, looking very smart in black, and she liked the hat and said so and meant it. I told her I 'd been having a *low*, and that the hat was very slightly responsible, and less than an hour ago I was never going to wear it again !

We laughed over that and I felt better at once.

Then when she had asked about Alex and I had asked about Humphrey, we went in and got a table.

Are women ever quite honest ? I mean do they ever (*Continued on page* 601)

ESTORIL —the Royal waiting-room

Kings, princes and pretenders—half the former crowned heads of Europe sit here in the sun, waiting hopefully for news of the thrones they lost so many years ago

by EVA LIS WUORIO

ESTORIL

FOR years Estoril has been gossiping about King Umberto of Italy, Don Juan of Spain, the Count of Paris (the French Pretender), King Carol and his Lupescu, and scores of lesser royalty.

Now there is a fascinating new speculation for the whispers at the terrace tables under the Arcades, in the Casino bar, at the Tamariz and the tea terrace of Laura.

Who will marry Prince Henri of France, the eldest son of the Count of Paris ?

This little Portuguese watering-place considers the Count of Paris its own personal property, for this became his first permanent home after years of exile in Belgium, Morocco and Spain.

The Quinta of Anjinho, home to the Count and Countess and their 11 children, has a magnificent setting of mountains, pine and eucalyptus forests. Exotic gardens with artificial lakes and little streams surround it. Far below is the sweeping vista of the Atlantic ; far above, the craggy ruins of the ancient castle of the Moors.

It is a friendly two-storey building entered through a wide, flowering patio. On the ground-floor salon the Countess receives her guests, sometimes wearing the jewellery she inherited from Marie Antoinette.

It sounds magnificent but the family has to share bedrooms, for the house is too small for individual rooms.

ON basement level, opening out to the hillside, there is a rumpus room with a huge fireplace which the Count designed.

This room is the " office " of the family newspaper, written and printed by the children and called " We Eleven."

Princess Isabella, the eldest, is the director, and Prince Henri, Dauphin of France, the editor.

The staff are Henri (23), Helena-Astrid (21), François (20) and Anne (17), all born in Belgium ; Diana (16), born in Brazil ; the twins, Jacques and Michel (15), born in Rabat, and Claude (13), born in Larrache, Morocco. Princess Chantal (11) is the only Spaniard in the family, Prince Thibout (8) the only Portuguese.

THE Count of Paris used to run a journal in Belgium called *Courrier Royal*. Later, from Morocco, for a short time he published a review, *Ici France*.

Now he leaves journalism to the children—his main interests are painting and farming. What he learned on his farm in Morocco he has put into good use at Anjinho. The royal farm sells high-quality milk, cream and cheese (a pedigree bull was flown in from Britain the other day), eggs, garden produce and

honey. The Count also has a four-room office in Lisbon. Here he outlines his plans for France, which he would like to see a monarchy run on British lines.

At Anjinho, they are a happy united family who enjoy picnics, excursions, joint games and private jokes. Favourite play-places are the sporting clubs of Estoril and the beaches beyond Cascais, where Europe ends in a turbulent roar of the Atlantic.

Golfing visitors to Estoril may catch a glimpse of a tall, handsome man who plays like a professional (handicap 6).

This is Don Juan, Pretender to the Spanish throne.

Barely half-a-day's drive from the frontier of his native country, which rejects him, the heir to the throne of Spain lives with his family in an unpretentious house.

Exiles in England, Sweden, Switzerland and Italy since the Spanish Republic was declared in 1931, the Spanish Royal Family have finally settled in Estoril.

Set off a narrow road among other luxurious villas of diplomats, high Portuguese officials, and the *haute monde* of many nationalities, their Villa Giralda is a pleasant English-style house.

PROTOCOL is strict. Each month a grandee of Spain (the competition for this post is deadly in Madrid) arrives to serve as an aide to Don Juan, while a well-born Spanish woman comes as lady-in-waiting to Dona Maria.

Though Don Juan—third son of Alfonso XIII.—has never been king, he is known to his household and many Spaniards as "His Majesty," and always referred to as "Our King."

Despite the Royal appendages and aides-de-camp, life at "The Court" is simple. Don Juan's wife spends her time visiting hospitals in Lisbon, sponsoring art shows, supervising her children's music lessons and holding soirées.

On their yacht *Satillo* she cooks all the meals and relaxes with the family.

Don Juan was a young naval cadet in Cadiz when Spain became a republic. He escaped through Gibraltar, met his family-in-flight at Fontainebleau, and naturally, as a son of an English Princess, Victoria de Battenberg (Mountbatten), promptly moved to England.

ON the recommendation of his "cousin," the King, he went to Dartmouth.

In his Estoril study he has a souvenir of his days at Dartmouth.

It is a painting of three British men-of-war on which he served—the *Enterprise*, *Ironduke* and *Winchester*. His deep love of Britain, Spaniards claim, is one of the reasons why Franco opposes reinstating him as King of Spain.

In Don Juan's home are many things brought from the Palace of Miramar in Spain.

The family's day begins at ten o'clock when Don Juan goes through his mail. Most days are busy, and hardly one passes without a visitor from "across the border" arriving with news of Spain.

Many Spaniards not of official standing or of aristocratic background also make a pilgrimage to the little Estoril "Court," and are invariably received by their "King." Monarchist supporters include many people who are just able to scrape up the fare.

His own country has seen Don Juan only a few times since his exile. During the civil war he sneaked back under the

ITALY: Remembers the glories of the past

FRANCE (above): Dreams; YUGOSLAVIA (below): Visits

Palms, a pool and solitude—Estoril in the early morning

name of Juan Lopez, but the Civil Guard promptly arrested him. "My friends talked too much," he told me. "The authorities thought I 'd come with some political scheme in mind, whereas I 'd simply come to fight."

Exiled again, he wrote to Franco suggesting he might serve in the Spanish Navy. Franco replied that his life was "too precious to Spain."

In 1946 he finally settled in Portugal—he wanted to be close to the frontiers of his country for meetings with his friends and advisers.

IN 1954 he again crossed the frontier to meet Franco. This time it was to talk with the Caudillo about the education of his sons, 18-year-old Infante Don Juan Carlos, Price of Asturias (a title similar to that of the Prince of Wales), and little Infante Don Alfonso, who is destined for the navy.

Don Juan Carlos is a tall, extraordinarily handsome boy. He was educated at a private school in San Sebastian—in a former palace.

On his way home from holidays he was greeted at Madrid Station with shouts of "*Viva el Rey! Viva el Rey!*"

But it is believed that 42-year-old Don Juan, Count of Barcelona, and Pretender to the throne, sees himself, rather than his son, as the proper person to rule Spain.

The Duke of Segovia, ex-King Alfonso's eldest son, recently announced that he may challenge his brother's claim to the throne.

"Never mistake me for a totalitarian," he says. "I am a modern monarchist."

Pleasure-loving ex-King Umberto of Italy is the only one of Estoril's three kings who has ever sat on a throne. He lost his by a brief margin of votes (the opposing Republicans got 53 per cent.) and drove, unescorted and unthreatened, out of Rome.

THE Italian Royal family's first Portuguese home was the magnificent Vila Vela Vistaof.

Ex-King Umberto declared, when he arrived, that he would take up gardening and occupy himself at home. This project lasted about a week. After that he was off to the cosmopolitan and Bohemian whirl of Lisbon and the coast.

Queen Maria Jose is a stay-at-home. And that at the moment—for the best part of the year—is a castle in Switzerland. King Umberto has moved to a small, grey-stone villa at Cascais, a mile or so from Estoril.

The house is always full of guests and laughter—for King Umberto will receive anyone with the slightest claim of being an expert in his field. Much travelled himself in Europe, Africa and America, the ex-King is extremely well-informed and a diverting conversationalist.

In the Spanish Royal House the aperitif is Spanish sherry. In the exiled court of Italy in Cascais, you are offered Italian vermouth. King Umberto is popular in Cascais.

The little resort will never forget the Royalty-packed wedding of his daughter, Maria Pia, to Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, hails the young couple when they return as visitors. He is familiar with the little gipsy bars. And every Christmas he gives a party to the orphaned children of fishermen.

Excluded from the Royal merry-go-round is Princess Elena of Rumania—better known as Madame Lupescu. (Ex-King Carol named her Princess Elena on their marriage in Brazil in 1947.)

When the couple arrived in Estoril they called on the Count and Countess of Paris. Only the Count returned the visit and no further invitations were forthcoming.

ONLY King Umberto, living a lonely life since his wife moved to Switzerland, saw his "cousins."

The house where Madame Lupescu lives bewailing her poverty is a big two-storey white villa called Mar y Sol.

It was bought for her by ex-King Carol when he sold the Chateau de Fabron in Nice, which he inherited from his mother.

The furniture comes from the Chateau

de Coesmes in Normandy, which had been a week-end home for Carol and Madame Lupescu when they escaped to France from Rumania.

Madame Lupescu lives quietly behind her garden wall. Only occasionally is her flaming red hair, topping the deep mourning she wears, seen at the tables in the Bridge Club Restaurant.

When ex-King Carol was alive they used to play there daily.

Madame Lupescu spends the rest of her time writing her memoirs with a French author.

Like many others in Estoril—Admiral Horthy, once Regent of Hungary, Dom Duarte Nuno de Braganca, Pretender to the Portuguese throne, Archduke Josef of Hapsburg—she draws heavily on memories to keep the present from growing rusty.

Little Estoril, off the main flow of world affairs, has been named " the royal waiting-room." But whether anyone will ever emerge from it is problematical.

WANT TO GO THERE?

IF you would like to see Estoril for yourself this will help you plan the journey :

BY AIR : Portuguese Airways (TAP) and BEA operate tourist flights—£54 18s. return. If you want to fly first-class, book de luxe with BEA, Panair do Brasil or Air France—£76 16s. return. Lisbon Airport is about four miles from the capital and transport is easily available from there to Estoril.

BY SEA : Take your choice of Royal Mail Line, Blue Star Line, Booth Line and Companhia Dodero (London agents, Stelp and Leighton, 10, Fenchurch Buildings, E.C.3). It is advisable to book well in advance. Single fares are : first-class from £26 to £32 ; second class, £20 ; tourist class, £16, and third-class, £12. There is a 10 per cent. discount on return fares.

BY RAIL : Journey via Paris, through France and Spain. Between Paris and Lisbon there is an ordinary daily train which takes about 39 hours, and a fast train, the " Sud-Express," which takes about 28.

Single fares on the ordinary train are : first-class, £22 3s. 10d. ; second-class, £17 12s. 11d., and third-class, £11 12s. 5d. The express train has both first- and second-class accommodation in Portugal and Spain and sleeping berths are available.

BY ROAD : You can easily do the journey by car to Lisbon in four days. One of the best routes is to enter Portugal through Vilar Formoso and make your first stop at Guarda, said to be one of the highest towns on the Continent.

Portuguese roads are kept in very good condition ; petrol costs 5s. a gallon.

A.A. and R.A.C. members should take their identification cards to use as an introduction to the affiliated Automobile Club of Portugal, Rua Rosa Araujo, 24–26, Lisbon. Here you can get information about roads and motoring throughout Portugal.

Road maps are available through the Casa de Portugal, Portuguese State Information and Tourist Office, 20, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

LUPESCU : Memories are recorded

CARLOS—Rival No. 1 ; Below, SEGOVIA—Rival No. 2

By hand or machine—four easy-to-knit holiday sweaters for the family chosen for "EVE" by Barbara Riches

A LIKELY

Photographs by

ABBREVIATIONS

St(s)., stitch(es); k., knit; p., purl; st. st. stocking stitch; inc., increase; dec., decrease; in(s)., inch(es); rem. remain (ing); patt. pattern; cont., continue; foll., following; alt., alternate; beg., beginning; rep., repeat; tog., together; m., make.

SUMMER BLOUSE.

MATERIALS : 8 oz. Golden Bell *Crepella*. For 33 to 35-in. bust size, 1 pair each of Nos. 11, 12, 14 knitting needles. For 36 to 38-in. bust, 1 pair each of Nos. 10, 11, 13 needles. *Tension :* 8 sts. on No. 10 needles, 8½ sts. on No. 11 needles, 9 sts. on No. 12 needles, 9½ sts. on No. 13 needles and 10 sts. on No. 14 needles to 1 in. Machine to be set to give these tensions.

The Pattern, Hand Knitting

1st row : K. 7, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 6, rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

2nd–6th rows : In st.st. beg. p. row.

7th row : K.3, * k.2 tog., m. 1, k. 6, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 3.

8th–12th rows : In st.st., beg. p. row.

The Pattern, Machine Knitting

1st row : Starting from left, lift 8th st. over 9th, 16th over 17th, 24th over 25th, and so on with intervals of 6 sts. between, with 7 sts. left at end. K.

Next 5 rows : K.

7th row : Starting from left, lift 4th over 5th, 12th over 13th, 20th over 21st, and so on to end of row. K.

Next 5 rows : K.

THE BACK

Using No. 12 (11) needles (machine set to correct tension), cast on 128 sts. and work in st.st. for 2 ins. Change to No. 11 (10) needles (machine one tension looser), work in patt. for 2½ ins. Change to No. 14 (13) needles (machine 3 tensions finer) and cont. in patt, for 3 ins. Change to No. 11 (10) needles (machine tension required) and cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 6th row until 152 sts. Cont. straight until back is 15 ins.

Shape Armholes : Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. each end of next 8 alt. rows (124 sts.). Cont. straight until back is 21 ins. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as Back until armhole shaping is complete (124 sts.). Cont. straight until work is 19½ ins., ending after a wrong side row.

Shape Neck : Next row : Patt. 42, cast off 40, patt. 42.

Next row : P. 42. Cont. on last 42 sts., casting off 4 sts. at beg. of next neck edge row and foll. 8 alt. rows.

Next row : P. to end. Cast off.

Rejoin yarn and work other side to match.

THE SLEEVE BANDS (Hand Knitting)

Sew shoulder seams. Using No. 12 (11) needles, pick up and k. 110 sts. round armholes. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for ½-in. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

Hand Knitting : Using No. 11 (10) needles cast on 70 sts.

1st row : K. 2 tog., k. to last 2 sts., inc. in next st., k. 1.

2nd row : P. Rep. these 2 rows for 30 ins. Cast off.

Machine Knitting : Set tension to No. 11 (10) needles. Cast on 70 sts., placing sts. to extreme right of machine. Work in st.st., dec. at beg. and inc. at end of alt. rows for 30 ins. (when all needles have been worked over, replace work to extreme right of machine).

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side. Sew up side seams, turn up and stitch an inch hem at lower edges. Join edges of collar, sew round neck edge, turn over and slip-st. to make a double collar. Press seams.

T-SHIRT IN TWO SIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
With Alternative Necklines

MATERIALS: *For both versions, both sizes,* 2 oz. Templeton's "Opalsheen" in Red, 3 oz. Templeton's "Opalsheen" in White, 1 pair each of Nos. 11 and 12 knitting needles, 3 buttons collar version. *Measurements* : To fit 27 (29) inch chest. Length 16 (18) ins. Follow the numbers in brackets for larger size throughout. *Tension* : 8 sts. on No. 11 needles and 8½ sts. on No. 12 needles to 1 in. Machine to be set to give these tensions.

The Pattern: In st. st., 4 rows White and 4 rows Red throughout.

THE BACK
(same for both versions)

With No. 12 needles cast on 108 (116) sts. and work in patt. for 3 (4) ins. Change to No. 11 needles and cont. straight until back measures 11 (12½) ins.

Shape Sleeves: Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Work 4 rows straight for large size only.* Now inc. each end of next and every foll. 6th row until 140 (148) sts. Work 3 (5) rows straight.**

[Mother's cotton skirt, "Adapta," by Estrava from Jays of Regent Street and Leeds, 47s. 9d. Stephen's linen Kidax shorts, elastic-waisted, 17s. 6d. at D. H. Evans of Oxford Street]

YARN

Michael Murray

Shape Top of Sleeves and Shoulders: Dec. each end of next 18 (16) rows, then cast off 12 (10) sts. at beg. of next 6 (8) rows. Cast off rem. sts. for collar version but leave on spare needle for round-neck version.

THE FRONT

Work as for back to * for collar version and ** for round-neck version.

THE COLLAR VERSION

Inc. each end of next and foll. 6th row—128 (136) sts. *Next row:* k. 60 (64), turn and work on these sts. only, inc. at side edge on 5th and every 6th row until 66 (70) sts. Work 3 (5) rows straight, then dec. at armhole edge on next 18 (16) rows, *at same time* dec. at neck edge on next 6 (8) rows, then on next 6 alt. rows.

Keeping neck edge straight, cast off 12 (10) sts. at shoulder edge on next 3 (4) alt. rows.

Slip centre 8 sts. of rem. sts. on to st.-holder, rejoin wool and work to match other side.

The Collar (Hand Knitting): With No. 12 needles and Red, cast on 90 (98) sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2 ins. Cast off 16 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

Left Front Border (Hand Knitting): Return to 8 sts. on st.-holder. With No. 12 needles and Red, work 8 sts. on st.-holder in k. 1, p. 1 rib for ¾-in., ending at outer edge. *Next row:* k. 2 tog., make 1, rib to end. Cont. in rib until border is 3 ins. from beg. working 2 more buttonholes at 1¼ and 2¾ ins. Cast off.

Right Front Border (Hand Knitting): With No. 12 needles and Red, cast on 8 sts., work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Cast off.

THE ROUND-NECK VERSION

Next row: k. 2 tog., k. 62 (66), turn. Leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Now dec. at neck edge on next 4 (6) rows, then on next 6 alt. rows, *but at the same time as neck dec. are worked,* dec. at shoulder edge on next 17 (15) rows, then cast off 12 (10) sts. at shoulder edge on next 3 (4) rows.

Rejoin wool at centre, slip centre 12 sts. on spare needle and work on rem. sts. to match other side.

The Neckband: Sew shoulders together. With No. 12 needles and Red, pick up and k. 104 (112) sts. round neck (including sts. on spare needles) and work in st. st. for 2 ins. Cast off loosely.

THE SLEEVE BANDS

(same for both versions)

Sew shoulders seams for collar version. With No. 12 needles and Red pick up and k. 76 (88) sts. round armhole edge and work in st. st. for 2 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew up sleeve and side seams. On wrong side, turn up lower edges of back and front for 1 in. and sew. Turn back sleeve bands to form a hem and sew in position.

Round-Neck Version: Turn neckband to wrong side to form a hem and stitch.

Collar Version: Sew on right front border, then left border in place. Sew cast on edge of underwrap in position. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Sew on collar. Press seams.

[Gennifer's Terylene Minimode skirt is available in sizes 22 ins. to 30 ins. from 61s. 10d. Selfridges of London and Binns, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Her sandals, 43s. 6d., from Lilley and Skinner, Oxford Street. Father's linen trousers are part of the "Knockabout Set," 36s. 6d., Harrods of Knightsbridge]

MAN'S T-SHIRT

MATERIALS: 10 oz. of Templeton's "Opalsheen." For 38-in. chest size, 1 pair each of Nos. 11 and 12 knitting needles. For 40-in size, 1 pair each of Nos. 10 and 11 needles. *Measurements:* Chest, 38 ins.; length, 23½ ins. Chest, 40 ins.; length, 24 ins. *Tension:* 7½ sts. on No. 10 needles and 8 sts. on No. 11 needles to 1 in. Machine to be set to give these tensions.

THE BACK

Cast on 154 sts. with coarser needles, work in st.st. for 16 ins.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. each end of alt. rows until 126 sts. rem. Cont. straight until work is 24½ (25) ins.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

THE FRONT

Work as Back until armhole shaping is complete (126 sts.). Cont. straight until front is 22½ (23) ins. ending p. row.

Next row: K. 53, cast off 20, k. to end. Cont. on last 53 sts., dec. at neck edge on next 6 rows, then dec. on next 7 alt. rows.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 10 sts. at shoulder edge on next 4 alt. rows. Rejoin wool and work other side to match.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 100 sts. with coarser needles and work in st.st., inc. each end of 12th and every foll. 4th row until 120 sts. Cont. straight until work is 6 ins.

Shape Top: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. each end of alt. rows until 52 sts. rem., cast off 7 at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off.

THE NECKBAND

Sew one shoulder seam. With finer needles, pick up and k. 120 sts. round neck, work in st.st. for 2 ins. Cast off, sew other seam.

TO MAKE UP

Press work. Sew in sleeves, sew up sleeve and side seams. Turn up and stitch a 1-in. hem at lower edges of back, front and sleeves. Turn neckband over and stitch.

Bathroom beauty

• Paint, paper and gay accessories banish early morning gloom. Here's our selection

May Routh wears Londonus's blue or grey Kansas jeans, £2 14s. 4d., and Ian Peters' sweater, 12s. 11d., striped black, blue or pimento with white.

She is trying out three "bathroom" paints — Colthurst and Harding's Wallcharm, Sissons' Siscomatte and Walpamur's Duradio.

Ginger cat is a female—a discovery unique in our experience (all gingers seem to be toms)—who just loves the smell of paint.

Three wallpapers, steam-proof and washable, to bestow a masculine sobriety or Ancient Roman splendour on your bathroom walls. The blue-and-white check is Crown's X34236, about 14s. 4½d. per roll; Sanderson's brilliant mosaic, No. 54336, about £2 16s. 4d.; Crown's marble wallpaper, R13264, about 13s. 9½d.

Pedestal washbasin is Adamsez' Standard. Supplied through your local builders' merchant, it costs £11 17s. 3d. with taps and waste plug. It supports a Horrockses towel, 6s. 11d., and a roll of Kleinert's plastic curtaining (also green, yellow, red or black on white), 6s. 6d. per yard, 36 in. wide

Three-rail towel rack, electrically-heated, costs £8 15s. from Alfred Goslett, 127, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. From it hang (left to right) a blue Osman towel, 13s. 11d.; Ibis Regent, striped in four colours, 9s. 11d., and Ibis Peak, 19s. 11d.

On the floor : Blue or black linoleum, 11s. 9d. per square yard, from John Lewis, Oxford Street, W.1, and Armstrong Cork's Accotiles, 9 ins. or 1 ft. square. Decorated Accotile insets cost from 19s. to £1 15s. per square yard and are obtainable only through Armstrong specialist contractors

Lotus hand-basin to fix on the wall, £9 3s. 1d., including taps, waste plug and fixing brackets. The price is £1 8s. 4d. less if the basin is ordered in white. Adamsez, supplied by builders' merchants. Colourful Spontex bath and basin sponges, cost 5s. 11d., 3s. 11d. or 2s. 11d., according to size

Yugoslav wicker basket, 15s. 6d., imported by Bartletts of Victoria Street, S.W.1, holds two vivid Osman towels, 13s. 11d. each, and a white-banded Horrockses towel, 8s. 11d. Also by Horrockses, the candlewick bathmat; price, £1 14s. 11d.

Bathroom scales—your counsellor, friend, or hated enemy—cost £3 9s. 6d. from John Lewis, Oxford Street, W.1. Smooth, superbly finished soap-rack, £3 13s. 8d. from Gosletts, has expanding handles to fit any size bath. It holds two Spontex toilet sponges, priced 1s. 6d. and 9d.

Photographs : Caradog Williams

eau de toilette
bandit
HAND
Lotion
LENTHERIC
TWEED
TALC
TWEED
Antilope
4711
Top Secret
Velvet

Bathtime beauty

• *An hour in the bathroom is practical beauty treatment*

Here's how to make the most of it

TOP SHELF: Robert Piguet's toilet water Bandit (£5 10s. 6d.); Harriet Hubbard Ayer's hand lotion (12s.), deodorant (18s. 5d.), skin lotion (15s. 2d.) and brush and soap kit (£1 1s. 6d.); Charles of the Ritz's Moss Rose cologne (£1 6s. 6d.); Revlon's Aquamarine lotion (7s. 9d.), White Sable hormone liquid cleansing cream (£1 0s. 6d.), and Aquamarine deodorant (8s. 3d.). 2ND SHELF: Nina Ricci's toilet water L'Abir du Temps (£2 19s.); Atkinson's English Lavender water (£1 17s. 6d.); Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass bath tablets (12s. 9d. box of three), bath salts (£1 3s. 6d.) and flower mist (14s. 3d.). 3RD SHELF: Jean Patou's Amour Amour cologne (16s. 9d.) and soap (8s. 6d. a tablet); Lenthéric's Tweed bouquet (£1 4s.), talc (11s. 9d.), bath powder (14s.) and bubbling bath oil (14s.). 4TH SHELF: Max Factor's Electrique cologne (13s. 4d.), World of Beauty skin lotion (3s. 3d.), and Top Secret hair spray (11s. 6d.); Reuter's 4711 Eau de Cologne (£4 10s.); Weil's Antilope cologne (£4 16s.); Cusson's Blue Hyacinth soap (10d. a tablet); Rose Laird's Mountain Zephyr dusting powder (12s.) and bath suds (7s. 3d.). 5TH SHELF: Charles of the Ritz's Ritual bath salts (13s.) and soap (11s. 6d. box of four tablets); Guerlain's Mitsouko talc (8s.), bath essence (£1 4s.) and eau de toilette (£1 8s.); Helena Rubinstein's Green Velvet dusting powder (12s. 11d.), and Hand Delight (12s. 11d.).

May, clean again after her decorating work, rubs herself dry with a huge Osman bath sheet. £2 8s. 11d. Devoted Ginger is framed against Christy's jacquard towel. 8s. 11d.

by NAN RIVERS

WHAT is the greatest luxury in life? A mink coat, a diamond necklace . . . a gold-studded Daimler? No, none of these things. I say it's a bathroom of one's very own, barred to the children, weekend guests—and your husband too, if possible.

That is the ultimate in *practical* luxury. For there are so many bits of beauty business that belong to the bathroom—and which cannot possibly be done there if an impatient family is beating on the door.

Privacy apart, the warm steamy atmosphere is just what the beauty doctor ordered for all skin treatments. After a hot bath the skin really can absorb creams and oils, for the pores are relaxed and receptive.

The perfect night-beauty routine is: cream-cleanse the face and neck while a bath is being run; then lie back in gorgeously hot water, face well larded with skin food.

Smooth off the surplus with a wad of cotton wool soaked in cool, very mild toning lotion (Lancôme's Tonic Bleu, distilled from fresh wild flowers, is a lovely one) before going to bed. Your skin will not absorb any more cream after about twenty minutes, so what is left will only rub off messily on to the pillow.

The bath's a good place for a face-pack, too. Preferably in the morning, since there is no better basis for a smooth, hard-wearing make-up.

Allow at least fifteen minutes' relaxing time while the (*Continued on page* 58)

Britain's forgotten

What future is there in this country for the woman who puts marriage aside to pursue a career? Here are the sad and startling facts discovered by a world-famous novelist

THIS is still a man's world. Despite woman's emancipation, despite the constant claims that the professions, commerce and industry realize the ideals of sex equality.

Despite, too, the intricate humanitarian legislation designed to protect and safeguard the "weaker sex." The fact remains that it is still better to be born a male.

I would not deny that for the majority of the baby girls who have first seen the light of day in this century the future holds a greater chance of happiness than ever before.

She can exploit her talents and expect both dignity and comfort. And she can rely on the law shielding her against every anomaly and injustice which had to be endured by her feminine forebears.

This rosy future depends on one thing: that she shall be an average, ordinary Eve—reasonably attractive, fairly intelligent, passably healthy.

With these assets she will get a job quite easily, she will fall in love, she will marry and have one or two children. Her story can then be dismissed with the vague but reasonably truthful ending of "happy ever after."

But if she is not average and does not follow the life pattern of the majority? Then she may justifiably bewail her fate solely on the grounds that she is a woman.

To her fellow men—and particularly to her fellow women—her cardinal sin will be to remain single. She will usually be paid less than her male rivals.

She will get the most boring and routine jobs, and she will be thrown on the scrapheap five years before a man.

Aggravating the economic problem which besets the single woman who is past her first youth is another difficulty—less tangible, more secretive, but possibly as serious and disturbing to the individual woman as the lack of real social status or of financial security.

The generalizations about the spinster are so often humorous and cynically critical that more fortunate women—and all men—tend to ignore the human pathos which gives rise to these wisecracks.

For all normal adults the impellent and almost irresistible force is that of close affinity with the opposite sex.

IN my many talks with all sorts of single women to obtain the background of this picture, I have listened again and again to them insisting almost aggressively that they rejoice in their freedom.

My reaction to their challenge has been to want to weep for them. It is more than pathetic to hear a still attractive woman rant against the perfidy of men and to describe marriage as "legalized prostitution."

Nor was there much doubt in my mind as to the real truth when I was told by a pretty thirty-year-old school teacher:

"I don't see any of my old friends whom I knew at school and college. They chased men, got married, and now they are boring morons with no thoughts above babies and cooking. What a frightful waste of their education and ability!"

THIS was a typical example of the brittle, cynical comments one hears at first. Only occasionally does one break down the innermost reserves of a "bachelor girl" and see the desperate emptiness of her bravado.

"How utterly unjust it all is! This is supposed to be the age of enlightenment and sane living, but there is still 'one rule for men and another for women'!

"Just because I'm unmarried I must shut my eyes and my heart to any thought of sexual love."

That was the hot-tempered outburst of an unmarried woman running a girls' hostel in Bloomsbury. She told me how she had once believed that she could sublimate her mating instincts and assuage her yearning for children by hard work.

"I now know that no normal human being can suppress the sexual instinct, nor transfer it to other channels."

The hopeless nostalgia for past youth and lost opportunities of this kindly and intelligent woman reminded me of the frank admission of Evangeline Booth when she was eighty-one years old.

"My only real love wanted me to give up the Salvation Army, so we parted. I have been devoted to millions of hearts instead of one. I am not sorry—but I do remember."

A LONG life dedicated to idealism, which unthinking people would regard as the perfect form of sublimation, had not banished from this courageous woman the dreams of sexual love which had come to her sixty years earlier.

More fortunate men and women may talk about the prestige of the career woman, the freedom of spinsterhood, and the degradation of woman's servitude in marriage.

But the fact remains that there is a universal feeling in society that the unmarried woman is a failure.

She may be a Florence Nightingale or an Elizabeth Tudor, but if she has not attracted a man sufficiently for him to want to marry her, then her life's achieve-

"Woman who sets the world talking"

Barbara Cartland, author, playwriter, lecturer, political speaker and farmer, has written seventy books, fifty-eight of them best sellers.

She has also written several serious books, including a biography of her brother, Major Ronald Cartland, who was the first Member of Parliament to be killed in the war. This work has a preface by Sir Winston Churchill.

Just produced is the story of her mother. It is called, "Polly—My Wonderful Mother."

Miss Cartland's outspoken articles have earned her the title of "the woman who starts the world talking."

A Commander (Sister) of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and a County Councillor for Hertfordshire, in private life Miss Cartland, is married to Mr. Hugh McCorquodale, the well-known game shot.

They live with their two sons at Camfield Place, Hatfield, where they have a five hundred acre farm.

women

by BARBARA CARTLAND

ments lack the one important triumph which matters.

I am not criticizing or commending this attitude, but simply stating a fact.

Any unmarried woman of mature years can describe the dozen different ways that semi-contempt and suspicion affects her life.

Landlords and landladies prefer married couples or single men to the single woman or two woman friends. In job-seeking, the single woman over thirty-five is regarded as a doubtful asset compared with a younger girl or even the married woman with grown-up children.

In the national economy the single woman is fair game as a priority victim. She has a poor bargaining power, she gets off worse with pension and welfare schemes.

She is generally "put upon" because of her dependence on the favours of her employers.

BUT all the single women with whom I have spoken admit that the practical problems of life are endurable compared with their unending sense of loneliness and their frightened forebodings of a solitary old age.

It is here that sex discrimination is so unfair, even if understandable. Society talks about the jolly bachelor and then about the sour spinster.

The unmarried man is expected to be a bit of a gay dog and few people would believe that he remains absolutely chaste year after year. Indeed Kinsey and similar reports indicate that he does not.

His landlady will be tolerant about girl friends in his room or flat. His friends will not ostracize him if he hints at illicit love affairs and, most significant of all, he knows that he can always marry, even when he has one foot in the grave.

Despite the beliefs of many happily married men and women, the virgin woman has all the instincts and feelings of her sex. There is no need for them to be awakened by a love affair. Nature does that for her because she is a woman.

But fulfilment without a wedding ring involves risks a spinster dare not run. A single lapse from the narrow path of purity may bring disaster. She will probably be turned out of her lodgings. She may lose her job. She will certainly lose her reputation.

Some women—perhaps more of them than their married relatives realize—count all these things well lost for love.

The unmarried woman is probably one of the major dangers to existing marriages.

However, certainly (*Continued overleaf*)

"The plain fact is that there are 1,960,000 surplus women in Britain"

continued from previous page

no "expert" ever mentions this fact because it is an insoluble problem—unless one is prepared to talk about polygamy.

Others who deliberately reject normal sexuality face the danger of all the ills that repression can cause.

The figures on the incidence of physical and neurotic disease among single women above the forty-year mark are startling.

They are telling evidence of the fact that man may make moral laws but nature refuses to dispense with her toll for the infringement of her natural law.

I have tried to record the opinions and outlooks of single women on this intimate problem as objectively as I can.

As a married woman I recognize that the country's well-being depends on a strong and vigilant defence against the enemies which beset the sanctity of marriage.

BUT this does not say that I do not understand and sympathize with the personal frustration and unhappiness of the single woman.

In sex, sacrifice of their personal instincts may be noble and praiseworthy. But the reward is often empty. The plain fact is that in these islands there is a surplus of 1,960,000 females over males.

The casualties of two world wars, male emigration, and the better chances of a girl baby surviving as compared with a boy, have combined to produce a situation of the utmost tragedy.

Even if we ignore the surplus of women in the old-age groups due to the greater longevity of women and only consider the marriable age groups between twenty and forty-nine, there is still a surplus.

A total of some 220,000 women stand apart from their sisters—"the oddities," as one of them said to me, "in a land of homes, husbands, babies and happiness."

If failure to marry is a social crime, failure to remain married can be just as fatal.

ACCORDING to the National Assistance Board, there are about 74,600 women deserted by their husbands and dependent on State aid.

The cost to the taxpayer to raise these lonely wives and their children, above the destitution level was, in 1954, more than £7½ million.

The figure is so high largely because the husbands gave only a little over £1¼ millions to their families' upkeep.

Deserting husbands present a formidable problem to the police when they refuse to support their families. Hundreds simply disappear.

Of the two thousand males whose names are entered on the Missing Persons register every year, the major proportion are married men.

They move to another part of the country and even if they are eventually found, many prefer prison to paying off the heavy arrears of maintenance that have accrued since they defaulted.

About three hundred of these irresponsible husbands and fathers are in prison at any one time.

A wife who is convinced she has been deserted may find in court that, through a technicality, she is not the guiltless victim she believes.

Perhaps the husband puts up a good story of his willingness to live with her. The woman then has the choice of once again experiencing hell with an unfaithful wastrel or admitting that she does not want him back.

In 1954, there were 24,918 applications by married women for maintenance but only 13,613 orders were made. Many of the 11,000 wives who were left without support doubtless had jobs or money of their own.

But the hard kernel became as destitute as any woman with one or two young children would find herself if the breadwinner suddenly disappeared and no pension were available.

WHEN penurious and deserted wives have to rely on National Assistance, the husband's circumstances are investigated and, if justifiable, proceedings will be taken.

About 250 orders to maintain wives, children and relatives are made on these grounds each year. Whether the payments can be enforced is another matter.

Divorced women are equally in danger of extreme poverty, despite court orders for alimony. No fewer than 11,000 divorced women's resources are so far below the minimum subsistence line they have to apply for National Assistance.

The cost to the State is more than £1,300,000 a year.

In many of these cases the Board collects the money from the husband—but the genuine economic problems of the man who has to support two families mean that only £781,000 comes back in this way.

THERE is a real dilemma for the authorities in these divorce cases. Strict enforcement of the divorced woman's financial rights might mean suffering for the new wife and children.

The usual result is that to avoid yet another marriage break-up motivated by money troubles, the divorced wife and her children have to bear the brunt.

So they join what has been described as a "broken-hearted army, walking in the shadows, lonely and forsaken." Their journey is a long one.

More than a third of the separated wives existing on National Assistance are over sixty. Many had to apply for aid within a few weeks of their marriage breaking up years before.

The plight of the widows of Britain is ostensibly well known, but I wonder whether the facts are really recognized in their real impact?

The tendency of women to live longer than men has increased the number of widows enormously during this century. From 1,477,000 in 1901 the number had risen to 2,769,000 at the 1951 census.

It is human nature to try to ignore a situation which must occur after the death of a marriage partner.

The mass of the population does not face up to the fact that a bereaved wife will suffer an abrupt change in her social and economic position.

Most wives, whether they benefit from life insurance policies or not, feel that the Welfare State will provide subsistence if death comes—and of course it does so at a colossal cost to the taxpayer.

BIG improvements which are under consideration as I write may ease the situation for the young widow with young children. Up to now, nearly a third of these women have been in such dire need that they have been receiving supplementary National Assistance.

No other class of National Insurance beneficiary has been found to deserve so much extra help as the widowed mother.

But her position is almost satisfactory compared with a tragic widow group estimated to number 150,000. This is really a forgotten army — the "ten shillings a week widows" who have never seen an increase in their pensions while all the others have risen one by one.

A loophole in the 1948 insurance act meant that they were ignored simply because their husbands' insurance, under the old scheme, did not qualify them for the standard benefit.

Women, women, women—spinsters, deserted wives, widowed mothers. They are a legion of forgotten, unwanted and neglected women—in a world that is still a man's paradise.

BARBARA CARTLAND

continues her investigation next month. She reports then on Britain's unloved children

"Ignored among the high-spirited majority are youngsters with the ivory pallor of neglect who show the tell-tale signs of malnutrition, and some who bear the weals and bruises of ill-treatment.

"These are some of the children whose well-being has escaped the State welfare machine. Either through inefficiency, red tape, or the simple inability of overworked officials to grapple with the mighty problems that no official directive can solve automatically."

Do not miss this heart-rending report in EVE's August issue

SHOPPING IN EDINBURGH

Artist Irene Bennett and writer Anne de Courcy report from Scotland

For cover-up warmth—a wool shrug, variant of the beloved stole. It 's a handwoven Ben Nevis tartan, ties sashwise at your waist, and costs £1 17s. 6d. from Romanes and Paterson, of Princes Street. In the same shop you can find jaunty little tartan caps, some with buckle fastenings adjustable to different head sizes, 17s. 6d. and upwards

Suit in ribbed wool bouclé, by Pringle, for High Street shopping or Saturday afternoon footba'. Straight skirt has an elasticised waistband ; neat-fitting jacket buttons like a cardigan to a neckline that pleads for your snappiest silk scarf. In hibiscus red, beige, mandarin blue, green ; £11 13s. from Greensmith Downes, of Princes Street

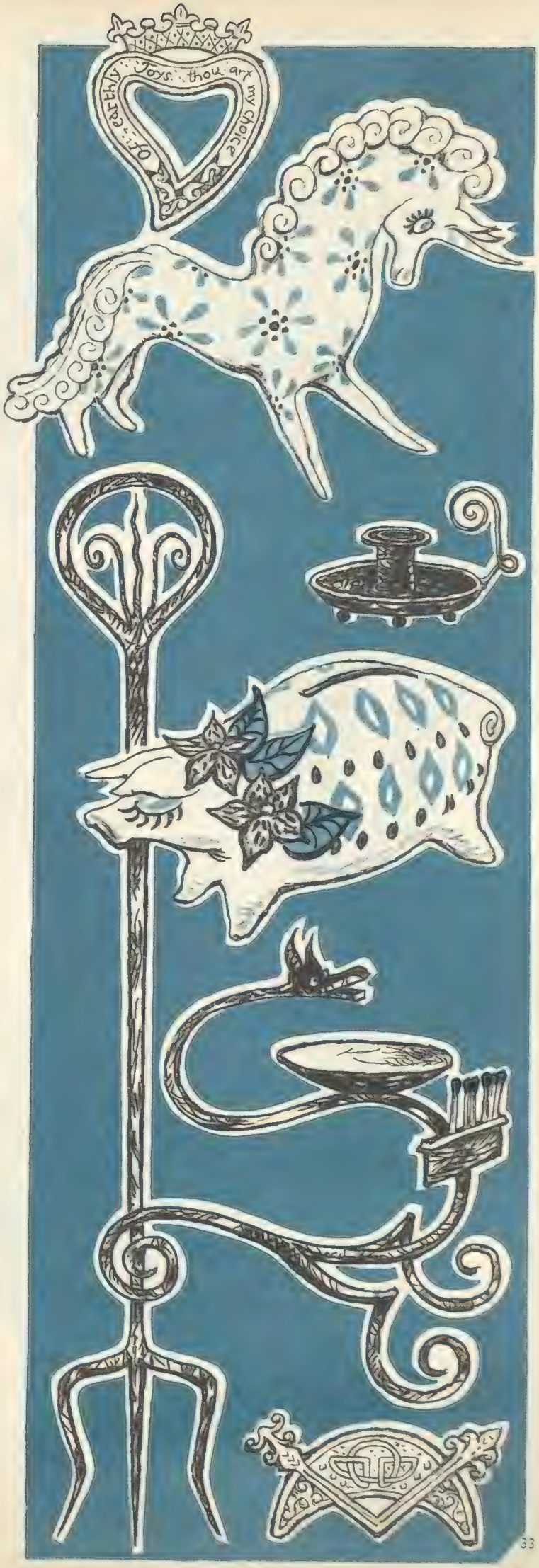
Jersey suit, with that choice-of-the-month look, offers a practical alternative to the ever-useful tweed street dress. Skirt is pleated for easy movement and sweater top is ridged with tiny tucks. Both fit snugly, flatteringly. In oatmeal, it costs a phenomenally low £4 18s. Made by Holyrood, bought at Alexander Wilkie, Shandwick Place

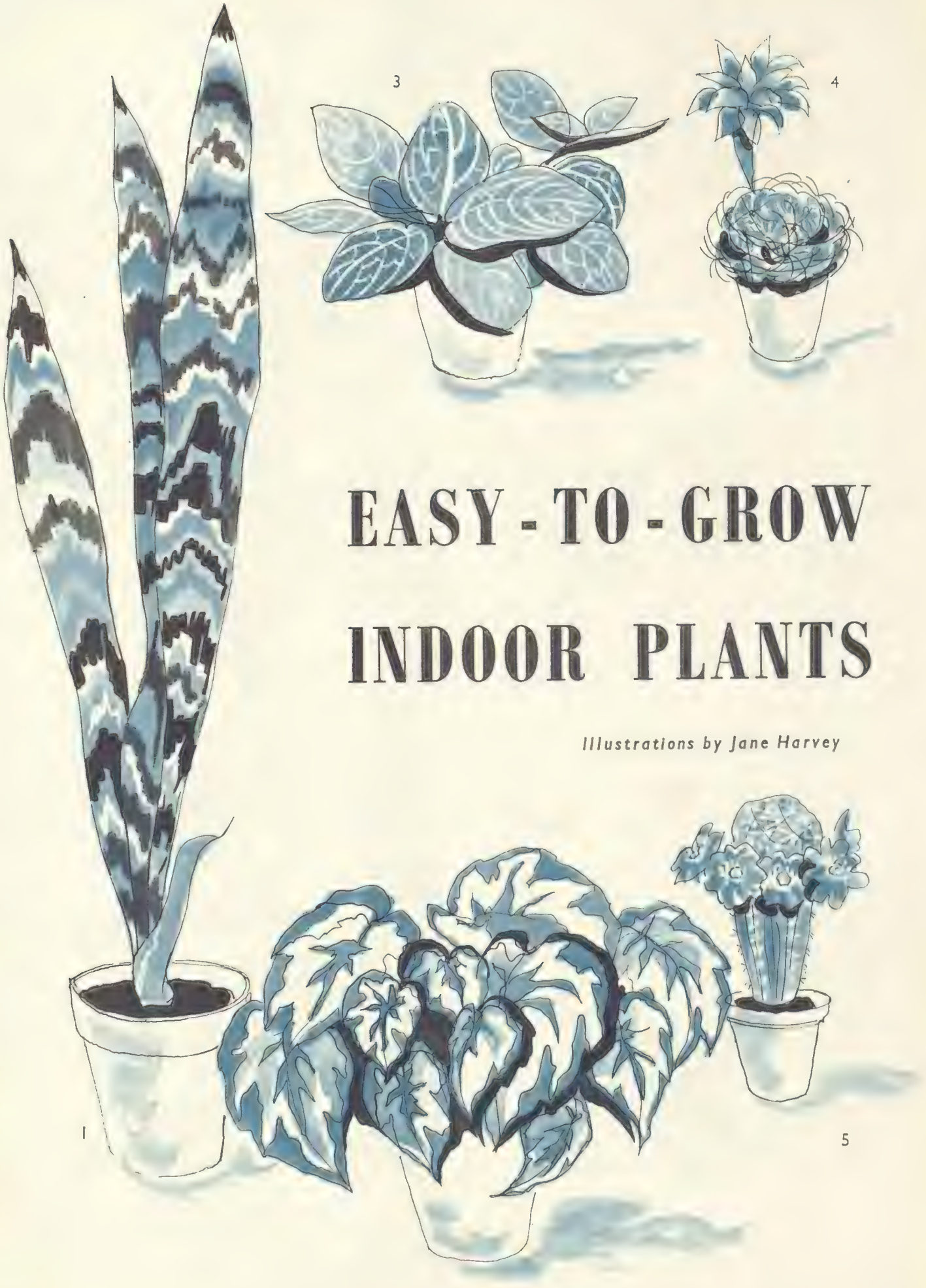
Another Holyrood success : off-white wool dress epitomising this season's pale, slender sheath look. The weave gives a check effect ; it is also available in pale blue. Price £6 10s. Fringed tartan stole (prices range from 15s. 6d. to £2 2s.). Both from Alexander Wilkie, Shandwick Place. They also supply tartan by the yard—the dyeing process is new, and produces the soft, mellow colours of original hand-dyed tartans. £2 16s. per yard

SHOPPING IN EDINBURGH

Miscellaneous enchantments on the right are an inscribed brooch, formerly given as a betrothal present ; £1 12s. from the Luckenbooth, Princes Street. Pottery unicorn, coquettish and heraldic, £1 3s. 8d., and garlanded piggy bank, 18s., are made by Castle Wynd potteries. Small iron light-you-to-bed candle-holder, 16s. 6d., wrought iron toasting fork, £1 5s., and rearing Pictish dragon nursing a shallow ashtray, £2 15s., come from Kenneth Gibb, Shandwick Place. Curved pin, copied from old stone carvings, £1 11s. 6d. from the Luckenbooth

No shopping haul in Edinburgh would be complete without a richly-coloured, chunky sweater. From a plethora of beauties, we finally settled on this enormous turtle-necked comforter, hand-knitted by Highland crofters' wives. In deep rose pink, it costs £5 5s. From the Highland Home Industries Shop, George Street. Muffin cap to match, £1 1s.





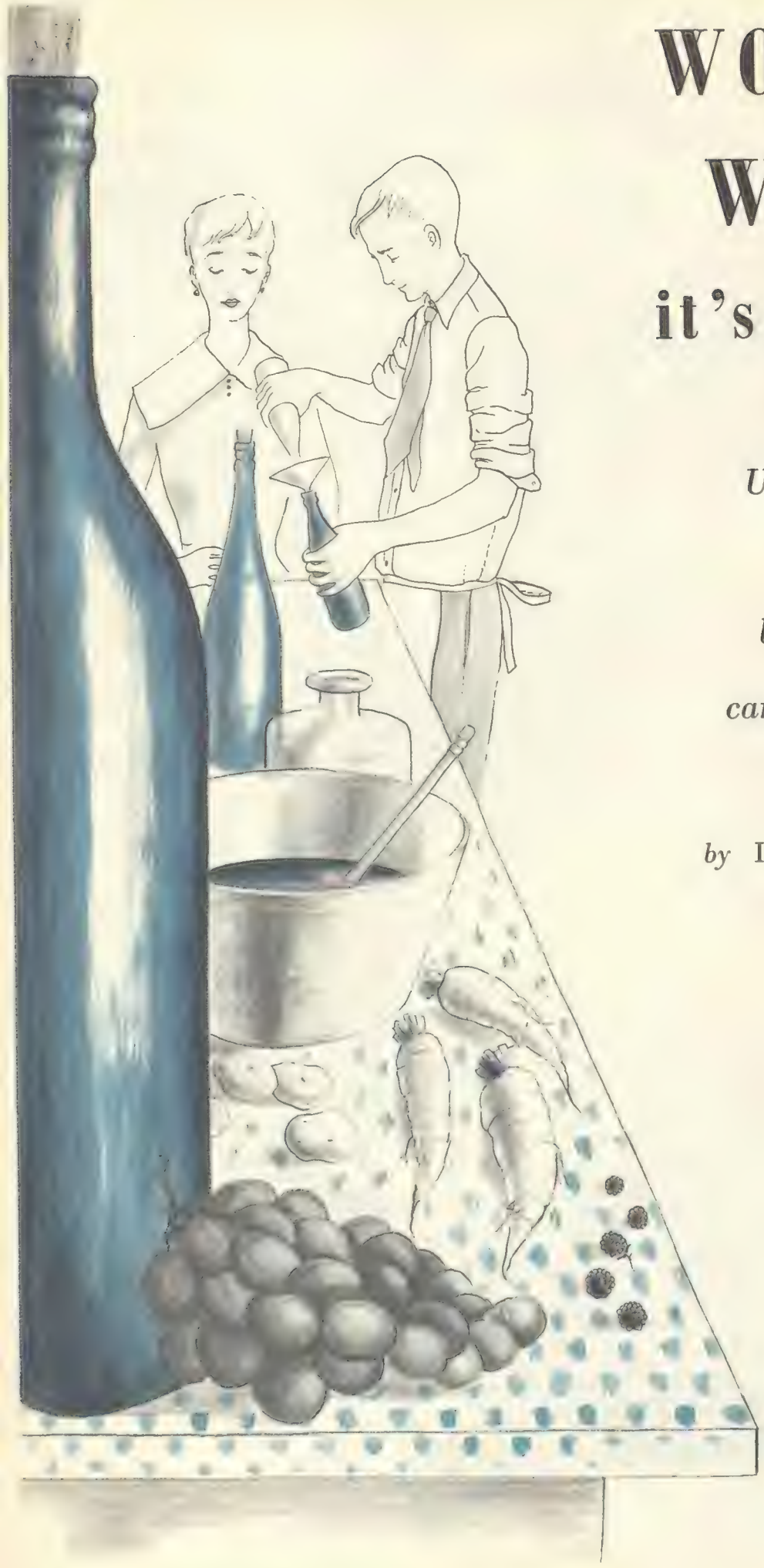
EASY-TO-GROW INDOOR PLANTS

Illustrations by Jane Harvey

A living décor for the home all year round. (1) *Sanseviera trifasciata*, often called "Mothers-in-law's tongues," thrives on neglect. It needs little water and likes shade. (2) *Begonia rex-cultorum*, a very colourful plant with decorative leaves. Keep soil moist—not wet—and away from the sun. (3) *Fittonia verschaffeltii*, a low creeper with red-veined, blackish-green leaves. Prefers shade and moist soil. (4) *Gymnocalycium leptanthus*, a slow-growing cushion cactus with a slender flower. Water generously during growth. (5) *Rebutia pseudodeminuta*, a hair-covered cactus producing carmine flowers. Keep out of strong sunlight and water freely during growth. (6) *Aechmea fasciata*, a marble-leaved plant with a lovely pink flower. Needs hothouse conditions but can be acclimatised to an indoor temperature of over 60 deg. Centre of rosette must be watered frequently in summer. (7) *Philodendron monstera*; these tropical-like plants need a temperate moist atmosphere. Water regularly and sponge leaves with milk. (8) *Opuntia microdasys*, known as "rabbit ears," has much-branched flattish leaves covered in bristles. Water often but sparingly; this plant likes sun. (9) *Saintpauia ionantha*, a popular African violet, dislikes draughts. Keep soil moist in winter, fairly dry in summer

(10) *Hedera canariensis variegata*, it pays to keep the lovely variegated leaves of this plant sponged and sprayed. Water moderately. It thrives in a sunny position. (11) *Pandanus veitchii*, a handsome stove-plant with large, strap-like leaves, dark green bordered with white. Needs warmth and shade. Water frequently in summer, keep rather dry in winter. (12) This trough shows how different textured plants make a decorative group. Always balance the plants with the tallest at the back. (i) *Asparagus sprengeri*, vigorously growing fern that likes plenty of water. Does not mind a dark corner and is ideal for hanging baskets. (ii) *Tradescantia*, the Cinderella of today's fashionable house plants, but none the less attractive. A prolific grower, commonly called "Wandering Jew." Water freely, loves to be totally immersed. (iii) *Zebrina pendula*, an unusual plant with dark-green fleshy leaves, mauve undersides. Keep its soil moist in summer

(13) *Calceolaria herbeohybrida*, unique for its colourful, inflated, rounded flowers. For best results keep in a light position but away from strong sunlight. It thrives on warmth and the soil must always be damp. (14) *Syagrus weddeliana* (*cocos*). A favourite with Victorian wives, this graceful, feathery fern looks like a miniature palm tree. It is most valuable for its decorative effect. If stood in a strong light the leaves will turn yellow. Frequent watering is needed and should be stood in a saucer of water. (15) *Cineraria* has a cluster of daisy-like flowers surrounded by a mass of thick dark-green leaves. The flowers are in shades of pale pink to mauve. If watered too often, mildew will appear, so great care must be taken not to wet the foliage. To ensure that the plant flowers for a long period, cut off the dead blossoms. This will encourage the buds to open. Light induces fast growth and it can be put outside during warm weather



WONDERFUL WINE—and it's home made!

Using rice, plums and lemons, even the most budget-minded family can have a good "cellar"

by ISABEL DITCHFIELD

IT all began with a letter to the editor headed: "How to make your own sherry."

For weeks after my husband read that newspaper, life was a misery. But now, three years and six months later, we have a wine "cellar" which keeps us well supplied with a wide variety of drinks and is the envy of our friends.

I must say I took a dim view of this wine-making business at the start. My husband was not content with one recipe for sherry. He had to buy a book and try everything.

Now he has several books, my early scepticism has been replaced by enthusiasm, and we work together in a thriving "home industry."

We had many early setbacks—flying corks, spilled wine and one or two "explosions" in which shattered bottles made a mess of my storage cupboards.

The first snag arose when my husband canvassed his friends for old bottles. We got bottles galore. Old wine bottles, whisky bottles, beer bottles and even vinegar bottles crammed the kitchen.

I took a firm stand and now the empties are stored in the garage. I don't mind full bottles being stored in the house but empties—never!

After I'd managed to oust him from

Illustrations by Elizabeth Thomas

- **Good wine can be made from practically any kind of fruit, root vegetables or flowers**
- **Equipment is inexpensive: some half-gallon winchesters, a bowl—and lots of bottles**
- **Most wines should be kept for a year—but several are drinkable after only six months**
- **For the over-taxed, home-made wine has an extra kick: there is no duty to pay on it!**

the kitchen I found he'd taken over the airing cupboard—for fermenting, he said.

All my immaculate washing was pushed to one side and in its place, close up against the cistern, was a plastic dish containing some dirty-looking liquid. He assured me it was a fine golden potato wine. It looked horrible.

A year later when we got down to drinking it, I must say his promise of "a fine golden wine" was really borne out. It was delicious.

The other great difficulty was where to store the finished product.

At first I found the wines pushed away in my cupboards and as fast as I moved them from one, they appeared in another. Now the "wine cellar" is under the stairs, with an overflow storage depot in the loft.

Our first loss was a bottle of blackberry wine—one of my husband's favourites.

When the cork popped out it was lying on its side under the stairs. An overcoat of my husband's was hanging behind the door. The cleaners removed the stains.

SOON after, we had our second casualty —a bottle of damson and my favourite. In this case the cork stayed put but the bottom was blown out of the bottle.

My husband hastily loosened the corks in the other bottles of damson wine and discovered they had not quite finished fermenting.

That was one of the earliest lessons. Always make sure the wine has finished fermenting. If it hasn't and you jam the corks in tightly, you'll have an explosion.

Here's another tip for wives whose husbands take up the hobby. Make him bring his own supplies. At first I found the greengrocer looking at me with pity when I asked for 10 lb. of parsnips—particularly as I had told him a few days before that we didn't like them. And, the grocer was surprised when I asked for 6 lb. of rice.

Still once you get over these teething troubles you can get a lot of fun out of the hobby.

For a start, let me assure you there's nothing really difficult about the wine-making business—it's mainly a question of patience.

No costly implements are needed and the only things we had to buy were corks and a plastic funnel.

We use a plastic washing-up bowl for mixing. For boiling there is the jam pan. If this isn't big enough to take all the ingredients, we use the pressure cooker for the overflow.

While it is all right to boil the ingredients in a metal pan, do not let the wine stand or ferment in a metal container as it may "taste" the finished product.

For straining you can use an old tea towel or several thicknesses of muslin.

It is advisable to keep most wines in bulk for a few months in a larger receptacle than a wine bottle. This allows them to clear and any sediment to sink to the bottom.

A CHEMIST can usually provide you with winchesters—the half-gallon bottles in which he gets some of his medicines and tonics. Our chemist is glad to get rid of his empties. He supplies us free, though some chemists make a small charge.

Finally, there's the funnel for easy pouring into bottles—the bottles which your friends will probably be delighted to give you—and the corks. New corks are best, and you buy them quite cheaply.

The ingredients? Practically any fruit, vegetable or flower, with the exception of deadly nightshade and poppies.

It's a question of trying a number to find those you like best, but the wines are so cheap to make that little is lost.

All have the attraction of potency—if you keep them long enough. Usually a year is best but many are quite drinkable after six months.

One of our favourites is lemon wine. It is very simple to make. The main ingredient? Patience. All you need are 10 lemons, 3 lb. of sugar, a gallon of water, half an ounce of yeast and a slice of toast.

Wash the lemons and peel them thinly. Boil the sugar with a gallon of water for half an hour, then strain through muslin on to the peel.

When cool, add the strained juice of the lemons. Spread the yeast on the toast—not burnt—and float on top of the liquid with the yeast face downwards.

Cover with a thick cloth for two days, then strain into the winchesters and cork loosely until fermentation ends. The fermentation should be carried on in a warm place—airing cupboard, kitchen, etc.—and will go on for about two months.

The corks may blow out occasionally and should be replaced. When fermentation ends, cork tightly and leave for a few months before bottling.

It can be drunk in about six months from the time it is made. But it is much better if you wait a year.

Blackberry wine is another favourite and can be made dry or sweet. Pour a quart of boiling water over a gallon of blackberries and when cool, mash them up well with the hands, getting out all the juice.

Cover and leave for about four days until the pulp rises to the surface, then strain off the liquid. Add 1 to 2 lb. of sugar according to your taste for a sweet or dry wine—we use 1¼ lb.—and stir with a wooden spoon until the sugar is dissolved.

Pour the liquid into winchesters, keeping a little back in a separate bottle. Cover the winchesters with a cloth and keep in a warm place.

THE winchesters should be placed on trays as this wine bubbles over the top when it ferments. The liquid kept back should be used to top up the winchesters as the level drops. Fermentation will probably go on for a week or ten days.

When fermentation ends strain into clean winchesters, cork tightly and leave for about six months. A little root ginger or stick cinnamon may be placed in the winchesters to give a "warming" effect. Bottle after six months.

Flowers also make pleasant wines. One of the best is heather. Pick the heather when in full bloom, place in a jam pan and just cover with water. Boil for an hour, then strain off the liquid and measure it.

Add sugar in the proportion of 4 lb. to a gallon of liquid, two sliced oranges and two sliced lemons, and stir until the sugar is dissolved.

When lukewarm spread an ounce of yeast on a slice of toast and float it in the liquor. Ferment in a warm place for fourteen days then skin, strain and bottle. It is ready for you to drink in six months.

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE WITCH'S CAT

Nobody believes in witches. Not even for five minutes —

which is all the time it takes to read this short, short story

AGATHA, Miranda Elliot's delightful white cat, had been in the family since 1195—when Marylda of Mackelwane, Miranda's ancestress, decided that the life of a herdsman's wife was not for her and took up witchcraft as a more lucrative living.

The cat ruled her mistress with a paw of iron. She regarding Miranda's clumsy efforts at witchcraft with supercilious disapproval. Miranda, to put it brutally, was a third-rate witch.

Sometimes she even forgot little things, like lighting the fire with a snap of her fingers.

Miranda's career and her magic arts left her no time for men . Then she met Brian Foster—and after that she was determined that he and no other man should be her husband.

She did not love him of course—for witches cannot love—but she knew that this brilliant young artist would be an ideal match for her.

The very first time she saw him was at a party. Brian had arrived late and stood for a moment in the doorway, a little embarrassed as he stared at the chattering groups.

Miranda made her way towards him, beautiful in a white brocade gown run up from a spell in one of her mother's books.

They met several times after that but somehow Miranda seemed to make no headway.

Finally she realized that, lovely as she was, if she wanted to win him she would be forced to use magic.

☆ ☆ ☆

A few weeks later Miranda's plan for conquest was quite complete. But as soon as Brian entered her office Agatha, who had been asleep, suddenly woke up, took one look at Miranda's face, then arched her back and spat. She had no intention of sharing Miranda's affections.

"Don't take any notice of Aggie, she's quite friendly really," Miranda assured the young man. Agatha immediately gave vent to a fiendish howl.

Keeping a wary eye on Agatha, Brian settled himself in a chair and showed Miranda his sketches.

Miranda nodded with approval but her mind was not on the drawings.

"Would you care to have lunch with me, then we can discuss the terms in comfort?" she asked him.

Brian smiled and her heart missed a beat. Taking him out for a meal was all part of her plan—she had a small phial of a powerful love potion already. Whoever drank it would fall violently in love with the first person they saw.

Miranda rose and fastened a silver leash to Agatha's collar. He was staring at the large white cat rather timidly.

"Are we taking her with us?" he asked in a hesitant voice.

"But of course. Aggie and I always go everywhere together. Don't we, my precious?" She nuzzled the cat's face and the animal grinned.

Brian nervously put out a hand to stroke the cat. She flattened her ears and he withdrew it quickly.

"I don't think she likes me very much."

"Oh, don't take any notice of her. She's just a trifle jealous that's all. Once she really gets to know you she'll be your friend for life." Brian gave a sickly grin.

In the restaurant Miranda asked him what he would like to drink.

"I'm afraid I don't drink." Brian said rather shyly.

Miranda was a little put out. The potion would only work if it was dissolved in liquid. Agatha was pleased.

"Well, would you like a tomato juice?"

"Yes please, that would be nice."

There was a sudden loud howl from beneath the table. Miranda ordered the tomato juice and a sherry for herself, then made a slight pass with her right hand.

Brian was suddenly afflicted with a violent headache. He went white with the pain.

"Is there anything the matter?" She leaned forward solicitously.

"Nothing much. Must be a touch of neuralgia." Brian endeavoured to focus his eyes on her.

Miranda cupped her chin in her hands and beamed. "I have something with me that might take it away. I'm rather prone to headaches myself."

She opened her bag took out the small crystal phial. . . .

"My doctor made it up for me, it's almost instantaneous."

Brian poured the contents into his glass and lifted it to his lips.

But as he drank it Agatha, with a fiendish grin at her mistress, leapt into his lap and dug in all her claws.

The young man yelled with pain and looked down at the cat who was staring up at him with a look of intense adoration on her face. A glazed look of love came into his eyes.

"Nice pussy then, pretty pussy." He began to stroke the wretched animal madly. "Did she like to have her chin tickled then?" Agatha obviously did.

"Mr. Foster," Miranda said, her voice brittle, "I thought we were here to discuss a contract for your work?"

"Oh, er—yes," he said vaguely. Then he returned to murmuring endearments into Agatha's receptive ears.

At the end of a miserable meal Miranda rose to go. "Come along, Agatha," she said sharply.

The cat stared at her evilly and fluffed out her fur. "She doesn't seem to want to go with you," said Brian. "I wonder—I mean it's a frightful cheek—but as she seems to have taken such a fancy to me would you mind very much if I kept her? Somehow I just can't bear the thought of being parted from her now. . . ."

Miranda shrugged her shoulders. Agatha had outwitted her this time, but she would try again later. She smiled.

"If you wish. Do you mind if I come down to see her occasionally? I've had her since she was a kitten and I don't want to lose her altogether."

Brian agreed at once. "I'm going out into the country on Sunday," he said. "Why not come with me?—I shall bring Agatha, of course."

☆ ☆ ☆

Back at her flat Miranda sat up until the small hours poring over her books. Then, when she had nearly given up the search she found in an ancient tome of magic the very charm she was seeking.

But as she read the formula the blood drained from her face.

She could only secure Brian's love and break the spell by renouncing her witchcraft—losing her magic powers forever.

Miranda went to the mirror and stared at herself carefully. Ruthlessly she scrutinized each feature. Then she swore silently that she would stake all on one throw.

☆ ☆ ☆

On Sunday she dressed with care, made up her face discreetly and brushed her hair in casual waves over her forehead.

Agatha ignored her completely. It was a perfect day and they drove on for some time without speaking. The scent of summer roses was heavy and Miranda felt light and gay.

Brian stopped the car on the edge of a small wood. As he gathered up the picnic basket Agatha leaped up on to his

Illustration: de Havilland

by PETER de BASLEY

shoulder and nestled her head against his cheek, staring down at Miranda with a smug expression.

Just wait, my lady, Miranda thought.

The couple and the cat made their way down a gentle green slope that was partly shaded by trees. As they sat down Brian said, "You know I can't understand why I've taken to this cat. I have never really liked them and yet now I couldn't bear to be without her."

"She has a distinct charm, I admit," Miranda said. Her eyes narrowed with distaste as Agatha rolled over on her back, purring ecstatically as Brian rubbed her.

Agatha gave Miranda a mocking look and settled herself in his lap.

Very quietly Miranda said the words that would renounce her magic. She felt the power ebbing away from her and it was with triumph that she noticed Agatha was beginning to dissolve before her eyes.

Brian stared down at the vanishing cat with incredulous amazement. Terrified, he rose in horror, flinging what remained of Agatha to the ground.

First her hindquarters disappeared. Then her forepaws vanished. Finally only her head remained, her baleful green eyes fixed Miranda with a sphinx-like expression of intense malevolence. Then there was no more.

Miranda could have wept with joy and relief.

"What happened? Where has she gone?" Brian stared at Miranda, his face white, his voice shaking.

She put her arms about him. "Don't worry, dear," she said. "Don't take any notice. I could never explain it to you—and you would never believe me if I did."

She stood staring up at him, her lips slightly parted. Almost as if he was unconscious of what he was doing his arms slipped about her and he kissed her.

Miranda returned his kiss fervently. She knew for certain now that her magic powers had departed with Agatha—for she loved this man and a witch is incapable of love. . . .

She was a normal woman at last. She could be wooed—and won—like a normal woman. And after all, she always had been a failure as a witch.

☆ ☆ ☆

They were married six months later and it would have been hard to find a more contented and devoted couple.

And then on her daughter's fifth birthday it happened.

Susan had been playing in the garden and Miranda called her in to get dressed for her birthday party.

The small figure at the bottom of the garden came obediently to her call and began to walk slowly over the lawn, holding something carefully in her arms.

"Mummy, look! I found this pussy in the garden. May I keep her for a pet? I'm sure she's lost."

A feeling of panic swept over Miranda as she looked at the animal that was clutched to her daughter's chest.

Agatha had returned. She grinned maliciously and her pink tongue protruded insolently—just as Miranda had always remembered.

"Prrrr," said Agatha contentedly.

Sir Albert Richardson

(*Continued from page 15*)

require a light. The constable scratched his head and let it go at that."

Which illustrates Sir Albert's maxim: "The great art in life is to be ready for any emergency."

Like the day when he was sitting sketching in the grounds of Ham House by the Thames. Not noticing the artist, two girls came up from the river almost nude.

What could a Georgian gentleman do in such circumstances? He included them in his picture, which became "Riverside Idyll," As he says: "You must be ready for anything."

But he cannot accept modern building design. "It is a bare, industrial and commercial art. An expediency—no art of grace and tranquillity. No great art can come of it."

The *Daily Express* building in Fleet Street comes in for particular scorn.

This black glass monument to Today, known affectionately as "The Glasshouse" by those who work in it, is dismissed by Sir Albert as "a building without expression. It has a mean and vacuous look. It reflects only the passing traffic."

He defends the weakened cult of the unused front parlour.

"We must encourage people to take pride in their front parlours, even if they dine in the scullery. They will use it on special occasions.

"It is an ideal. There are eight million such parlours, I compute. My heart thrills at the pride people take in them. A great national symbol—yes."

HE finds electricity vulgar, although his advice on the positioning and design of street lights is much respected.

"It is extremely vulgar because people use it so badly. They don't understand light and shade and they light the wrong things.

"It is so easy to flood a room with light and lose all the effect. We light too high. We should light low down."

To this day there is no electric light in Sir Albert's Ampthill house—"only oil lamps, a little gaslight and candles."

Some people would call him a harmless anachronism. Yet ask him when he would prefer to have lived and he replies:

"One wouldn't live in any other period but the twentieth century. We have today all the advantages of scholarship since the Renaissance.

"We can endulge in illusions. It is possible from this vantage point to review everything back to prehistoric times.

"And that is the true criterion of culture—that you should be able to talk about anything that has gone before."

His dislike of the twentieth century is centred on "the overcrowding of everything: The lowering of standards of reason, not of taste—that is debateable.

"But things are unreasonable. We are expected to produce too rapidly. We don't get time to develop."

The rich voice rolls on; the young mind directing it hither and yon—a soundtrack for a lifespan of knowledge. It is a voice practised in the lost art of conversation.

Now it recalls again those make-believe Georgian evenings at Ampthill. It is saying: "We used to have great fun, dressing up. You know, I believe I could have become a great actor—yes."

And, of course, the irony of it is that he did.

You and Your Money

RATES

Worried about them? Here's how to appeal against your new assessment

MY office in a small country town is inundated at the moment with irate house-owners who want "something done about the rates." The callers are men. But who sends them to see me?—their wives.

It is a sign of the times that it is the woman who watches the cheque book. Perhaps her husband is too busy keeping their income up with the cost of living.

Are *you* happy about the rates you will be paying under the new list?

By now the first demand note will have arrived. And you will almost certainly have discovered that your assessment has gone up and the rate poundage has come down.

The net result?—most likely that your actual liability will be greater than it was last year. More money to find!

Object of the revaluation—the first since 1934—was to make rate assessments uniform throughout the country.

Up to now all properties—houses, shops, offices or factories—have legally been assessable on the basis of current rental value.

In fact very few, if any, rating authorities attempted to make their assessments strictly like that. Many areas have been under-valued to attract more people.

With the new lists the old rule goes overboard and dwelling houses receive preferential treatment. Instead of being valued at their current rental values they are to be assessed at the rent which might reasonably have been expected in June, 1939, with the tenant paying rates and taxes and the landlord bearing the cost of repairs, insurance and other expenses.

Certain other suppositions have to be made as well. The most important is that the property and the locality are assumed to have been in 1939 in the same state as they are in now.

SO if the area where you live has "gone down" since the war—and many have—you will benefit.

One other point to bear in mind: if you live in a large, outmoded house and its current rental value is less than that of 1939 then the lower value will apply.

To benefit from the lower 1939 level of values you must live in a property which comes within the strict statutory definition of a "dwelling house."

A house where occasional piano lessons are given in the sitting-room and a house where the dining-room is used during the day as an office but without any special adaptation are considered "private dwellings."

But a doctor's or dentist's house where one room has been specially adapted as a surgery would not.

Fortunately, professional men, shopkeepers and others who have living accommodation on their business premises are entitled to a measure of benefit.

If part of these "mixed" premises is used as a private dwelling—and the current value of the residential part is not less than one-tenth of that of the whole premises—then the residential portion will be assessed on the 1939 level.

If you are not happy about your assessment here is how to contest it.

First step is to obtain a Form of Proposal from the valuation officer. For once this form is virtually self-explanatory and no one should have any difficulty in filling it in.

When the valuation officer receives your proposal he must serve a copy on the rating authority within twenty-eight days. They then have the right to object to it within another period of twenty-eight days. If they do object the valuation officer will send you a copy.

It is probable, however, that the rating authority will just leave the matter to the valuation officer. He then has five months to object to it.

He will probably write to you, but in any case it is a good plan to see him and discuss the case.

AT the interview you will want to produce any evidence you can of actual rents paid for your own or similar property, or point to the rating assessments of comparable property.

If you can persuade him to agree to a reduction that will be the end of it and he will then alter the valuation list.

But if he is unimpressed by your arguments he will certainly serve on you a notice of objection.

If you want to continue with your case you need do nothing at all on receipt of this. If you do not withdraw your proposal after fourteen days, then you will be deemed to have appealed to the Local Valuation Court and eventually will receive notice of the date of the hearing.

You can appear before the court and conduct the case yourself—or you can be represented by a valuer or other agent.

The proceedings are reasonably informal and you need not be over-awed.

If you are not satisfied with the court's decision you can appeal within twenty-eight days to the Lands Tribunal. Obviously an appeal is a serious matter and should not be undertaken without professional advice.

Worried about the trouble involved? Then remember this: these assessments are only the valuation officer's opinion. And until a good nucleus of the assessments have been considered by the Tribunals they remain merely untried opinions. So, if you have any doubt about the fairness of your new assessment do consider the matter carefully.—*R.M.*

Eve's RECIPE OF THE MONTH

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE . . . *Ingredients:* 8 *oz. plain flour,* ½ *level tsp. salt,* 2 *oz. castor sugar,* 2 *level tsp. baking powder,* 3 *oz. butter,* 2 *oz. icing sugar (to sweeten cream),* 1 *egg,* 6 *tbsp. milk,* 1 *gill cream,* ¾ *lb. strawberries,* 2 *tbsp. strawberry jam.* Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter. Beat egg in milk, add to dry ingredients to form soft dough. Grease three 6-inch sandwich tins, divide dough into three, shape each piece into ball on floured board, and flatten into rounds to fit tins. Bake the three layers in hot oven (400 deg. F., Regulo 6) for 12-15 minutes. Spread each layer with strawberry jam, whipped cream, sweetened with icing sugar, and sliced berries. Top with whirls of whipped cream and whole strawberries, then dredge with icing sugar.

Courtaulds Limited, 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1

PS-4

EVE's decoration expert, John Frayn Turner, provides some bright ideas for improving your home—quickly, inexpensively, with the emphasis on maximum effect for the minimum of effort

100 WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR HOME

starting with the HALL

1 If your hall is too small—and you have no young children—remove banisters and replace with a zig-zag of white rope for a lighter effect. Or paint the banisters in two or three colours. Grey, lemon, grey, lemon. Or cherry, lime, white, cherry, lime, white.

2 *Continue the rope theme of the stairs around the umbrella stand. Use rope to support a wall-hung telephone table and save floor space.*

3 Remove the cupboard under the stairs and paint the slope bright yellow to enlarge a small hall.

4 Fix a sheet of mirror on the wall to lighten an alcove.

5 Turn the hall into a room by fitting cheerful curtains and a pelmet right across the door and entrance wall. It furnishes the area, keeps out draughts, and brings the hall into the living zone at party time.

6 Buy half a dozen 8 in. by 5 in. prints of London Transport paintings—1s. each—by such artists as John Minton and Laura Knight. They are already mounted on coloured paper. Have six sheets of glass cut to the same size—6d. each. Passe partout and you have six framed paintings for less than 10s. Hang horizontally. In two rows of three. Or staggered up a stairs wall.

7 *Make a deep, three-dimensional picture frame. Back it with wallpaper or fabric. Fix a small shelf near the bottom of the frame to display a flowerpiece or ornament.*

8 Cover the three seat and three back cushions of a settee in two colours for a harlequin effect.

9 Cover your wastepaper basket to match lampshade, curtains or wallpaper.

10 Cover a lampshade in your curtain fabric.

11 Paper your pelmet to match the fireplace wall.

12 *Line your curtains with a full-weight fabric—not just lining material—so when you want a change of colour all you need do is reverse them.*

13 Buy a large ordnance map of your home district or an old historic map. Clear-varnish and frame it as an unusual mural.

14 Buy one of the new coffee tables which are strong and long enough to seat three people comfortably. Make cushions to match other chairs or to contrast.

15 Buy an extra chair in metal, wood or cane—useful outside in summer, indoors in winter. New Merva chair has canvas cover for summer, quilting or covered latex for winter.

(*Continued overleaf*)

100 WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR HOME

—the dining room

Too much space, or too little?
Clever decoration and furnishing
can make all the difference

16 *Rearrange furniture for Summer use. Cover an empty fireplace with a white-painted metal stand—made or bought—and hang potted plants from it.*

17 Cover chair cushions in plastic-coated Vynide. It is washable and comes in gay patterns, such as green and white stripe crossed with thin red stripes.

18 Cover a wall with a fabric instead of wallpaper. It can be removed easily for cleaning or replacement, merely by unfastening it.

19 *Make chair or cushion covers with press-stud or zip fasteners so the fabric removes easily for cleaning. There's a new chair which takes to pieces so tight covers can be detached for cleaning.*

20 Just for the Summer paint your wood or hardboard pelmet a gay colour to contrast with the curtains. Cost : a couple of shillings.

21 Look around your room. More than half the floor should be free of furniture. If it is not, throw something out, gain circulation space.

22 Fit as a wall feature an indoor aviary, adorned with plants and painted in with the scheme.

23 *Set your sideboard at right angles to the wall as a partition between sitting and meals area. Arrange several staggered shelves on it to support plants and ornaments.*

24 Improve the old four-panel door by papering the panels to match design on one of the walls. Or cover the whole door with flush hardboard and paint or wallpaper it.

25 Where two or more windows adjoin with a strip of wall between, hide this wall with curtains to give appearance one long window. Have one continuous pelmet.

26 *Paper recess walls on each side of fireplace and leave the chimney-breast plain to take a picture.*

27 Get a builder to knock a hole between two rooms so that the TV set can be placed in it and swivelled to face either room.

28 Re-cover one of the chairs of your group in a new shade. Settee and one chair grey, other chair red. Or settee and one chair chocolate, other chair turquoise.

29 Frame patterned fabric or wallpaper and display it just as you would a painting. Many modern designs are by famous artists.

30 *Enlarge your favourite photographic negative and display it as a mural panel, perhaps in a contrasting white frame.*

31 For a circular dining table, make wedge-shaped mats which will all point towards the centre. Stress the theme by including a dramatic ornament or flower group in the centre.

. . . and on to the kitchen

32 Fit white trellis over one whole dark-painted wall. Hang flame-coloured plant pots at intervals to show off the foliage.

33 *Paper or paint the linings or insides of cabinets to add interest and to show off contents.*

34 As a partition between areas, venetian blinds can be painted a different colour on each side of the slats.

35 A small felt cushion brightens a tired suite. Cyclamen cushion on french grey seats. Or lime on forest green.

36 Cover the top and bottom of chair cushions in different colours so that they can be reversed for a change of colour—and to equalize wear.

37 *Brighten a chair with a gay head-rest cushion enclosed in a washable cover and held in place on the chair by weighted straps.*

38 Frame two or three pictures in a single frame—leaving an adequate mount around each one. Use vividly coloured felt for mounts to pictures whether hung in one frame or separately. White frames bring out the colour of the felt best.

39 Have you seen the new matching patterned curtain fabrics and wallpapers? Choose one by all means, but always separate them by a strip of plain or textured wall.

40 Enliven a fireplace wall with strong shade of emulsion paint—for instance, Blundell's Pammastic in Imperial Red. A 14s. quart tin manages two coats.

41 *When the top of an occasional table gets shabby, paint it in a brilliant tone of yellow, tangerine, etc. No one will notice the flaws. Or give it a fresh lease of life by covering with a piece of fabric matching the curtains and finishing it off with a glass top.*

42 Three patterned walls and one plain is a pleasant variation on the more hackneyed one patterned and three plain. But make the pattern quiet and plain wall strong.

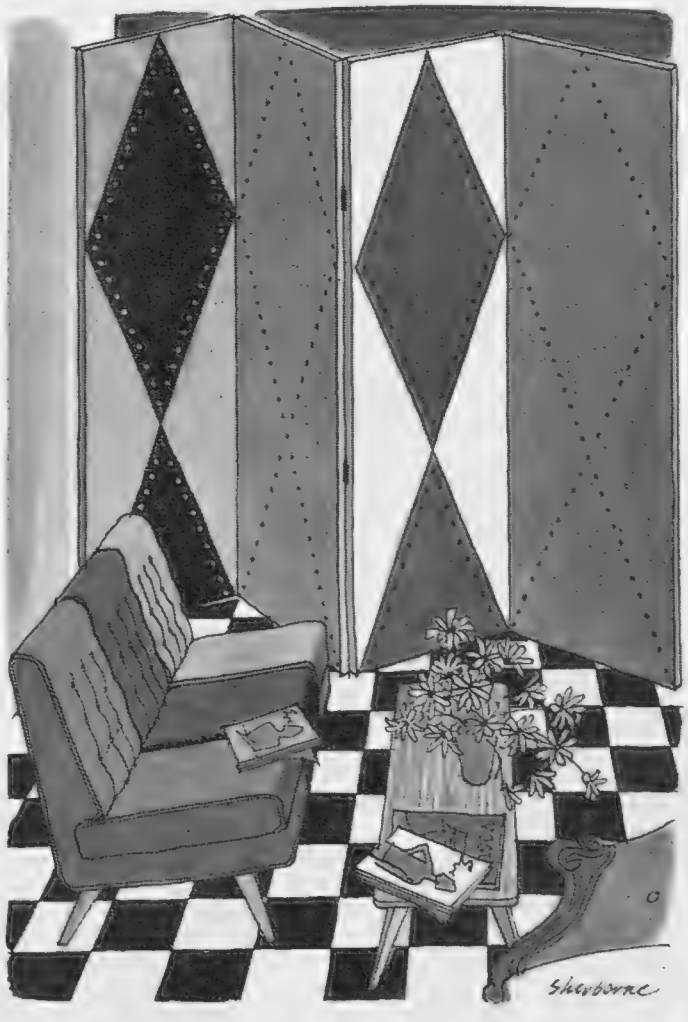
43 Don't leave ceilings white from habit. Colour them in a lighter tone of the walls, or consider a deep-tone, light-starred paper if the room is tall.

44 Re-paint your woodwork white instead of cream or off-white. It doesn't show dirt any more and does bring out the deep colours in the rest of the room.

45 Disguise an old imperfect wall with a boldly patterned paper. People will be so busy absorbing the pattern, they won't notice the bulges in the wall.

46 *Sew rows of tassels on the back of an occasional chair with a plain cover to add pattern and colour interest*

47 Collect china in six or more different colours and match it with similar shades of place mats and napkins.



48 Make or buy an old-fashioned sectional screen. Cover with vivid felt and stud with upholstery tacks. Practical and pretty. Or you can cover each section in a different colour for a harlequin effect.

49 Take down your picture rail, and redecorate with distemper, emulsion paint or paper right up to the ceiling. See how much loftier and lighter the room looks.

(*Continued overleaf*)

100 WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR HOME

—the bedrooms . . .

Wipe-clean surfaces will keep the children's rooms fresh and gay; new nylon sheets and pillow-cases will cut your laundry bills

50 *If you have a settee in front of the fire, try it at right angles on one side for a change. The group will look friendlier, the room more unified.*

51 If—like me—you have an old and rather ugly radiogram cabinet that does not match the wood in the rest of the room. do what an architect friend of mine advised and make a completely new cabinet. The whole radiogram stands into this, so it is not seen at all. The outer cabinet matches bookshelves on the opposite side of the fire.

52 *Convert an old flat trunk into a useful upholstered seat by adding a length of latex foam and making a piped and frilled cover to conceal it completely.*

53 Display collections of coins, butterflies, or anything you like, in a contemporary cabinet for décor that is different —the secret of success.

54 When buying new curtains, make a tablecloth to match. Or buy or make one of the new table sets of cloth and contrasting-coloured napkins. Lime cloth and cherry napkin ; dark charcoal cloth, pale pink napkins.

55 If your bedroom is big enough, stand the wardrobe at right angles to one wall to make a dressing area. Paper or paint the back of the wardrobe for a different décor in this little private end of the room. Hang a long mirror on one wall.

56 *Re-cover two seats of your dining chairs in one colour, two in another, for a change. You can always remove the new covering when you tire of it and go back to four all matching.*

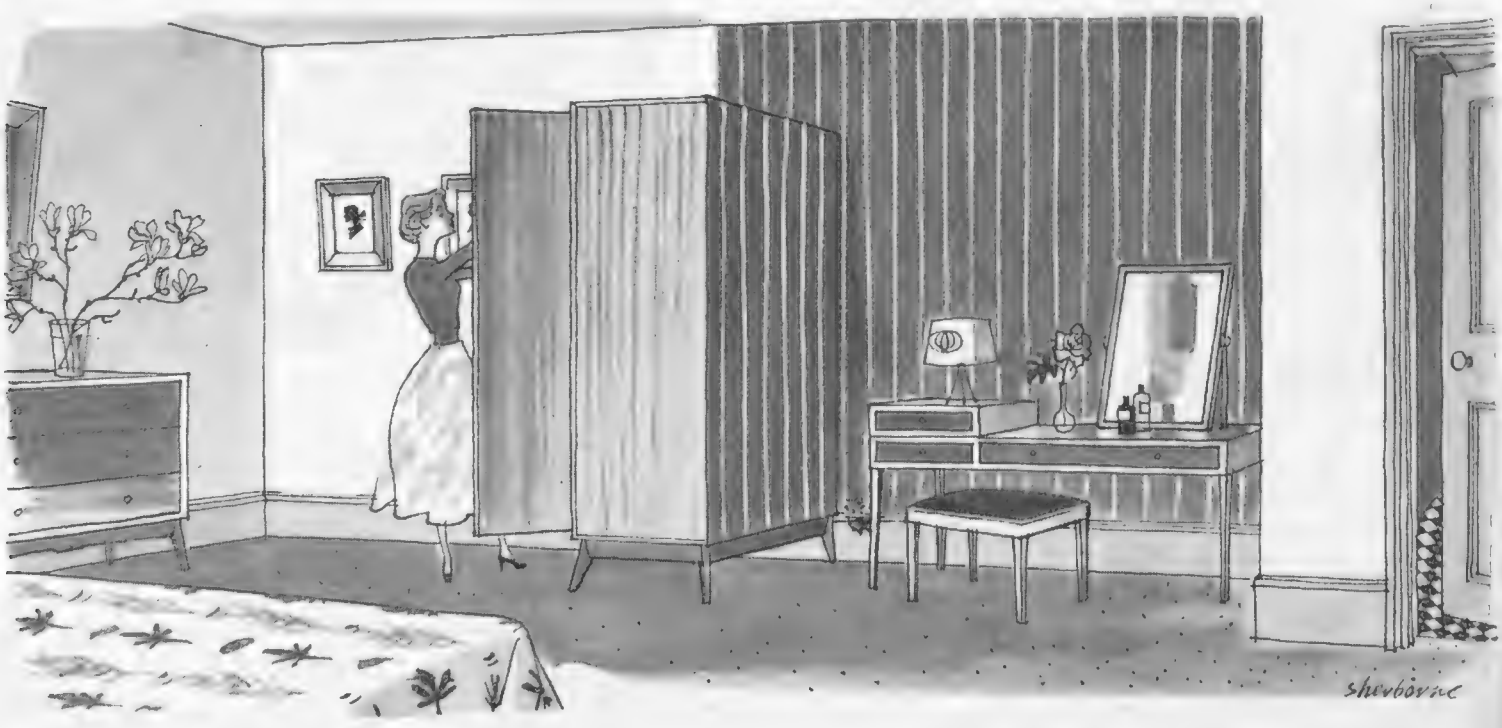
57 To brighten a dull dining corner—and to give an illusion of space—place the table against a wall panel of plain glass.

58 Welsh dressers are in vogue again. Wall-hung shelves above a normal sideboard will convert it into one.

59 Line one of your sideboard shelves with plastic sheet so that bottles may be stored there without marking it.

60 *Trays tend to slide and spill part of their contents. Take a tip from a new tray made with a foam rubber base, and fix foam rubber to your own trays.*

61 Consider patterned Formica or Warerite as a practical wall decoration—for a panel near a breakfast table, for instance. Or think of other unusual uses for these handy laminated plastic sheets.



yours and the children's

62 Fit a one-foot shelf to a suitable kitchen wall. Paint or cover it with laminated plastic sheet, and you've got a breakfast bar, however small the kitchen. You'll need some stools, too, which will store under the bar.

63 *Fit a laminated plastic top to a unit dividing kitchen and dining areas. Arrange it so that it slides and projects to either the kitchen or dining sides. Stools can then be drawn up to it for snack meals on each side of the unit. Difficult? No, it has been done in a new small house on an open plan.*

64 Fidor fibreboard—a prefabricated hardboard—painted in gay colours makes a hanging place for kitchen utensils, pictures, postcards, etc.

65 Relieve kitchen units all in one colour by repainting front panels in a strong shade and the frames a quieter tone.

66 *Distract attention from an unattractive outlook by a broad and bright striped awning pelmet over the sink window. A venetian blind here can add to the internal colour and shut out the view altogether when wanted.*

67 To save space in deep cupboards, fit them with auxiliary drawers running on lengths of wood on either side.

68 Sew plastic-covered magnets to the corner of oven cloths and kettle holders ; then they will stick to side of oven or any other metal surface.

69 Fasten the lids of jars to the undersides of shelves; screw in jars holding spices ; then when they are needed, all you need do is unscrew them and use what you want.

70 *Consider installing an Air-Flow vent over the stove to suck up and extract all cooking smells.*

71 Build a cupboard-with-holes-in-the-base over the oven to keep tea towels dry.

72 Five yards of cheerful contemporary cotton or rayon costing only 50s. makes a cool, light summer spread for your double bed.

73 Buy cheaply an old piece such as a broken spinet and convert it easily into an individual dressing-table, or other bedroom furniture.

74 *Buy the padded headboard which can take a piece of the fabric used for your spread or curtains. This fabric can be slipped out in a second to be cleaned—or replaced when you are tired of it.*

75 Cover the top of an old dining-table with a gay shade of Formica or Warerite. Brighter meals ; no tablecloths, so less laundry.

76 Furnishing a bedroom from scratch? Remember the wardrobe that is a "one-piece suite." It includes a hanging cupboard, a drawer with a sliding top for use as a dressing-table with the mirror above it.

77 Wallpaper the insides of wardrobe doors for decorative effect, and to take the visitor's eye away from a motley row of clothes.

▲

78 Fix cork boarding around a child's bed—as headboard or on the wall alongside—so that he can pin up pictures without harm to the decoration.

79 Fit fluorescent strip light in clothes cupboard to switch on as opened.

80 *Short of space in the bedroom? A handy husband could change cupboard doors from hinged to sliding to save space.*

81 To counter shortage of space, too, the bedhead can be a substitute for side tables. More than one design now provides a shelf for lamps, phone, and so on. Another bedhead idea is to fit a painted trellis behind the bed and continue it over bedside cupboard.

82 An unwanted bedroom fireplace? Box it in with hardboard and cover the whole chimney-breast in a bright wallpaper.

(*Continued overleaf*)

100 WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR HOME

—lastly, the bathroom

Matching curtains, mats and towels
banish early-morning gloom;
plastic surfaces simplify cleaning

83 Cut off, and so stress, an alcove containing a dressing-table with a starred wallpaper around the three sides of the recess.

84 *Do you roll down the bed towards the middle? The Jack Spratt bed made in two separate sections suits people of very different weights.*

85 Don't leave your shoes spreadeagled around the wardrobe or the room. Build a proper rack, or at least fit a rod near the floor in the wardrobe so that they are all neat and easily found.

86 Nylon sheets and pillowcases—although expensive—are great savers of laundry bills as they can be washed and dried in a day without ironing. Nylon-cotton sheets and pillowcases are also hardwearing : twice the life of ordinary cotton.

87 Buy Irish printed linen towelling by the yard and make matching sets of dressing-table mats, towels, cushion covers.

88 *Dual-purpose tablecloth made of woven cotton specially processed on one or both sides gives you a heat-proof finish. If processed on both sides, just wipe it with a damp cloth to keep it clean. In 54-in. width or 48-in. squares.*

89 Bolster up your morale—and comfort—with a Dunlopillo adjustable bolster to suit everyone's quirks.

90 Afraid of fire in the bedroom? Kenyon's have their blankets, sheets and pillowcases treated with a flame-resisting process to minimize the risk.

91 Cover the sloped ceiling in an attic with a striped awning for an unusual effect.

92 *Make your whole home cooler in summer—and warmer in winter—by fitting Fibreglass or other insulating material over the bedroom ceilings. Cost? About £6.*

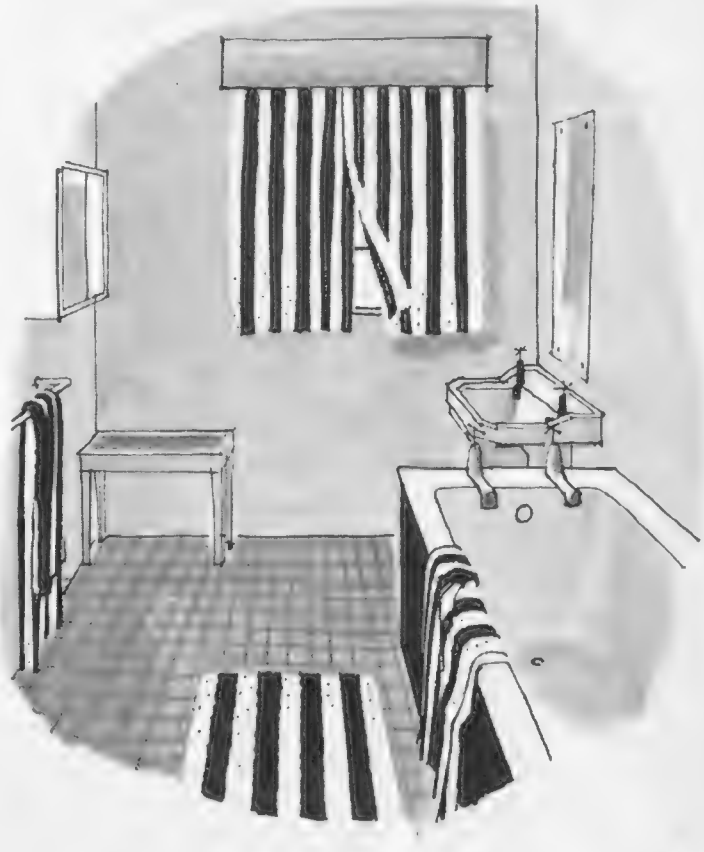
93 Make or buy a table with a blackboard top for a child to draw on harmlessly. Or fix a blackboard or black-glass Vitrolite panel on a wall of a child's room for further innocuous self-expression.

94 Sew plain box pleats around dressing-table skirt to match pleats of bedspread.

95 Improve a child's room with a long seat built in beneath the window, and cupboards under it to take toys.

96 *Make a pelmet of brightly coloured felt cut to points, with balls sewn on the points jester-fashion.*

97 Drawers in an infant's room with the alphabet and numbers painted on them add to the decoration and are instructive at the same time.



98 In the bathroom buy Terry towelling for matching curtains, towels, bathmat.

99 *Warerite panels, mounted on plywood for preference, are an alternative to tiling. Their patterns offer more scope, too, than the traditional white or coloured tiles.*

100 Choose a washable wallpaper to transform your bathroom. Or if you like an ordinary paper, or merely distemper, instead, remember that Fend is a protective solution that not only prevents the paper from becoming soiled but also actually makes it washable.

The new Powerdrive: elegance plus economy

GWEN ROBYNS reports on the mini-motors: "Car-type comfort and performance, but much cheaper to run"

ON 3 WHEELS

PICTURE the 1956 family—husband, wife and two children, whizzing along the country lanes at 50 m.p.h. (lane permitting of course) at a total cost of less than 1d. a mile.

Sounds fantastic I know. But it is possible, thanks to the new crop of mini-motors. For the uninitiated, these are the three-wheelers that have miniature car bodies built on motor cycle engines.

Apart from a tremendous saving on fuel—most of them do 65 miles to the gallon—consider the other economies. The average cost, including purchase tax is a little over £300—a considerable saving on the cheque book compared to a four-wheeler.

There is also an immediate taxation saving of £5 or £7 10s. a year over the four-wheeler, depending on the size and age of the latter. And as most mini-motors are powered by a two-stroke engine, there is no sump drainage or topping up.

EVEN tyre replacements are negligible compared with big brother four-wheeler. A complete new set of covers will cost under £10.

Most valuable of all is the bliss of wheedling into parking spaces too small for a full size job.

Looking the mini-motors over, by far the most elegant looking one I think is the Powerdrive, which sells for about £400—including purchase tax. It has the long lean lines of a racing car with the beguiling curves of the Aston Martin.

Since the first models reached the London dealer a few months ago, there has been a non-stop queue for demonstrations. Nor is anyone perturbed that at present the delivery rate is only five cars a week.

When I tried the Powerdrive for myself I was amazed at the complete freedom from wobbling. The car remained perfectly firm when I slid my nine stone-plus in beside the demonstrator and off we set.

There was some noise—rather more than with a normal car—but much less than I expected.

I am sure that it would be almost impossible to turn this three-wheeler over. The balance is phenomenal.

The fittings are simple enough and quite well thought out. Even the electrical list is impressive—double dipping Lucas headlamps, separate sidelights, reflectors, combined stop and tail lamps, winking indicators, coil ignition, electric wiper and horn, main beam warning and ignition lights on dashboard, foot dipswitch.

THERE isn't much luggage space in the boot but sufficient for a large suitcase or two small ones. I'd be happier to see a heater but this, I am told, is not far off.

The Bond Mark "C" also has pleasing lines. Its drawback of only one door is more than balanced by the maker's claim of 85–90 miles per gallon from the two-stroke 197-c.c. engine.

A fantastic steering lock enables extraordinary traffic manoeuvres but cuts out a reverse gear. This means an extra driving test if your licence does not cover Group 9 vehicles.

Compact grown-up car lines make the A.C. Petite a favourite, I found. Buyers like their minicar to look and act like an adult one.

WITH a maximum cruising speed of nearly 50 m.p.h., the A.C. Petite can also hold its own with most other traffic.

Straight ahead steering could be held by a child, with just sufficient pressure to hold the model against the camber—an important point with all these three-wheelers.

The question of braking is the most anxious one for all prospective drivers of these machines. I can only say that the three I drove in have excellent brakes.

The Bond Mark "C": 85 miles to the gallon

WHITE PIQUE two-piece by Acquer has a brilliant Provençal print hemline ; costs £10 10s. from La Strada, Hanover Street. Bective's white sandals Napoli, £2 19s. 11d. Right, Horrockses dress—orange, scarlet, yellow with emerald sash—£9 9s. from Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, and Diana Warren, Blackpool. San Remo white sandals by Bective, £2 19s. 11d. White straw bamboo-handled bag £4 19s. 6d., wicker bag topped with bright fruit £3 19s. 6d., both from Susan Handbags, Bond Street, W. 1. Admiring crew is the Christchurch first summer eight

STRAPLESS SUN DRESS and bolero by John Selby is of fine cotton patterned with a leaf design. This one has yellow and green leaves on a pale grey background ; other colours are cerise or tan. Price £5 10s. from Gladys Smith, Kingston, and Corsons, Harrogate. Pale green Saxone sandals have gay berry bunches on the two cross straps, cost £2 9s. 11d. Green Italian coarse straw hat, 18s. 11d. from Peter Robinson, Colsons of Exeter. Zeiss Umbral sport sunglasses by Edward Skinner, £4 4s. from leading opticians, have sherry coloured frame and lenses.

SUNDAY SILK DRESS in deep, smoky blue beflowered with pink and white daisies. By Paul Jonas, it costs £10 15s. 6d. from D. H. Evans, Oxford Street; Huntbach of Hanley. Neat chunky bag, from Susan Handbags, is in lavender blue calf with a sheeny, metallic finish, costs £5 19s. 6d. Saxone Elsinore mule sandals have slender heels of the same colour, glass-slipper vynalite "uppers"; a spring fitting holds them firmly on your feet. Price £2 19s. 11d. Walmar pink straw hat, £3 13s. 6d. from Bourne & Hollingsworth, Joshua Taylor, Cambridge. Kayser's pink cotton gloves, 15s. 11d.

Fashion edited by Anne de Courcy

Photographs: George Miles

Put yourself in Print

Put yourself in Print *(cont.)*

[All stockings in this feature by English Rose]

COCKTAIL CUTIE—left—is Polly Peck's dark green and black cotton splashed with large red roses—streamer bow is black velvet. £7 7s. from Chanelle, Knightsbridge, Werff Bros., Birmingham. Saxone's black satin pumps, with paste buckles, £3 9s. 11d., and satin envelope bag £1 1s.; Kayser's black gloves, 15s. 11d. Susan Small makes the full-skirted taffeta dress printed with pink and blue roses on a shot pink and blue background. £14 14s. from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, Browns of Chester. Blue Saxone sandals, £2 19s. 11d., and matching bag, £1 14s. 9d.

AT THE BAR of the Beetle and Wedge Hotel, near Wallingford, she sports an up-to-the-minute alternative to the all-over print theme. Lotus make the screen-printed court shoes, price £2 19s. 11d., and bag, £1 19s. 11d., both from Lotus and Delta, Regent Street, and The Promenade, Cheltenham. Sarah Black's dress, in black linen, has the newest bolero line; the half-cummerbund is of pink cotton satin. £10 10s. from Lee Harcourt, Sloane Street, and Taylors, Bristol. Ransom's Italian-inspired black straw flowerpot has a perky velvet front bow, costs £2 16s. 11d. from Pontings of Kensington, Joseph Johnstone, Leicester

SHORT OR LONG for the evening: Alice Edwards make this dress and stole in non-iron cotton. Pink and green roses, on palest pink background, or in grey and lemon. £6 6s. from Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street, and Dalys, Glasgow. Pink Lotus sandals, £3 9s. 11d., from Fenwicks, Bond Street, Lotus & Delta, Cheltenham. Waltztime, Linzi's summer cotton dance dress, is sprigged with grey and yellow flowers, £9 9s. from leading stores. Pearl-embroidered transparent evening bag, to line with any colour, £3 12s. 6d. from Susan Handbags. Kayser white perlon gloves, 18s. 11d.

BEACHWEAR

A hot sun bleaching tawny beaches—setting for a wonderful away-from-it-all holiday where clothes are cool and casual. These patterns bring you the newest look in playclothes—a demurely covered swimsuit and a dressmaker bathing suit

A neat demonstration of the figure-flattery of the dressmaker bathing suit (lined throughout for complete seaworthiness); close covering comes in the form of a tutu-skirted jacket, snugly-waisted and high-necked. Giddy stripes race across the crisp cotton that makes swimsuit and jacket. Vogue Pattern 8883, 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 30–38

8883

8886

Your complete play wardrobe condensed into one pattern to take you basking in the sun or drinking morning coffee—a little bolero-blouse sliced off above the waist is worn with sleek shorts; comes coffee-time and the addition of a wide skirt to button over the shorts gives a formal touch. Vogue Pattern 8886, 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 28–38

HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue Patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.), to Vogue Pattern Service, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2. (Cheques should be made payable to Vogue Pattern Service.) When ordering, please note that bust sizes go up in 2-in. steps—*i.e.* 32-in., 34-in., 36-in., etc.

* * Fabric requirements below for patterns in this issue are for size 34-in. bust only. Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below. Fabric widths on the market include 36-in., 42-in., 45-in., 48-in., and 54-in.

No.	Price		Yards	Width
8883	3s. 6d.	Bathing suit and fitted jacket	5¼ (striped fabric)	35 ins.
8886	3s. 6d.	Blouse, shorts, wrap-round skirt	6⅜	35 ins.

BRITANNIA and

IN Eve

NEXT MONTH

MORE TO READ!

Complete in next month's EVE—a wonderful novel specially selected for deck-chair reading. This is the Fiction Editor's report: "*Sweet White Wine* is one of the most powerful stories of conflict between a man and a woman that I have ever read."

Read it for yourself in the August EVE.

P.S. This complete novel is an extra.

☆ ☆ ☆

SHEILA COLE—a new addition to EVE's outstanding team of feature writers—has lived in twenty-six countries in the last four years. She knows the big cities, the little cities, the nice and the nasty cities of Europe, Africa, America and the Far East. Now she gives a frank, feminine report on the naughtiest of the lot—TANGIER.

BARBARA CARTLAND has also been travelling for EVE. She has been on a tragic journey—to the schools in our own big cities. Her object: To find Britain's unwanted children. No woman will want to miss her graphic report.

JANET DARBY has been busy in the kitchen. Too many women are tied to the stove these summer weekends, she declares. Every hostess will want to read her sparkling, down-to-earth feature: "Weekend without work."

WHAT KIND OF A MOTHER ARE YOU? If you really want to know there is a light-hearted quiz next month. You may be in for a surprise!

and remember—

THE FLOODS OF FEAR

are coming!

Invented by a Doctor —now used by millions of Women

If your doctor were to give you a "prescription" for internal sanitary protection, you'd undoubtedly follow it... and feel extremely grateful for all the advantages of such protection. (Complete freedom, complete comfort.)

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOUR

Yet, in a sense, Tampax is such a "prescription". Made of soft surgical cotton in a hygienic disposable applicator Tampax was designed by a doctor for all women. It often tends to make your "time-of-the-month" easier—you feel more relaxed, more at ease—with no odour problems, no disposal problems, no fears about a bulky belt-pin-pad harness to embarrass you.

Perhaps the one thing that's been holding you back from Tampax is the feeling it's too much of a step. Of course, it isn't! It's just a nicer, easier way of handling "those" days. But you'll never know what a wonderful difference Tampax can make until you try it. Get a packet from any chemist's or draper's *this* month. Choose from two absorbencies, Regular and Super. Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.

Bathtime Beauty (*Continued from page 27*)

pack is doing its job of deep cleansing.

Use a cream one (such as Cyclax Twenty-Minute Mask) on a dry skin; something a little more astringent (perhaps Lancôme's Empreinte de Beauté) if the skin is oilier and looks at all slack.

Shaving shins and underarms fits naturally into bathroom routine. Immediately after bathing is the best moment for hair removal—with home electrolysis, depilatory wax or razor, safety or electric.

Deodorants also should be used immediately after the skin has been washed. A very effective new one is the Instant Odo-Ro-No stick. It checks moisture as well as keeping one nice-to-be-near and is beautifully quick and un-messy.

There are plenty of us who will spend hours titivating our faces—yet never give a thought to other parts of the skin equally on view.

NYLONS show up rough, reddened or blotched skin with devastating candour. Then there are odd spots like elbows, the back of the neck and heels, which—because we do not see them easily ourselves—often get forgotten altogether.

Patches of ingrained, horny skin need rubbing smooth and bleaching. An easy way to do this is with the squeezed half of a lemon sprinkled lavishly with powdered pumice stone.

Work this over the bad patch—it's just tailored to fit heels and elbows. Afterwards rub in some cream—and go on rubbing regularly until the patch is absolutely clear and soft.

There are creams especially made for use on the body which very quickly remove ordinary roughness. If massaged in with a kneading, upward movement, they will also speed the departure of blotches on the legs—caused mainly by sitting too near winter fires.

One of the most attractive is Revlon's Aquamarine Lotion, a blue-tinted, fresh-scented liquid that leaves the skin beautifully flexible and silky.

Friction—from a long-handled bath brush, a loofah-fisted friction glove or a rough bath towel—is the best of all cures for goose pimples or a spotty back.

WHEN there are really nasty blemishes to deal with use a mildly medicated soap and dab the spots with a good healing preparation, such as Helena Rubinstein's Medicated Cream.

There's something about an expensive smell that is balm to the soul.

But it's a mistake to have too many different perfumes in the bathroom. If you like a scent that is younger than springtime—fresh and delicately sweet—try Helena Rubinstein's Apple Blossom.

You can get it in bath essence or bath salts, dusting powder, soap, skin perfume and concentrate—and a new form of fragrance, perfume foam.

A slightly more exotic scent—and one that blends without discord with almost any of the more sophisticated Paris perfumes, is Morny's Sandalwood.

This lovely soap has been in existence for some years but they have now introduced a matching talcum. And bath oil, perfumed with sandal, is available from Floris, Jermyn Street, London, W.1.

JEAN RICHARDSON'S BEAUTY-BOX

CURIOUS, isn't it? How the more carefree the month the more careful we must be on one or two beauty points. Hot, outdoor July means special attention to "personal freshness"—here I can give you news of three products that are simple to use and easy to pack.

Mum Rollette, 5s., is a stick fitted with a marble ball-point (just like an outsize Biro) which rolls the liquid on to your skin so that you don't have to touch it with your fingers. Instant Odo-Ro-No Stick, 2s. 6d., is a frozen deodorant, like a giant lipstick—you push up the base to smear it on the skin. Rose Laird make a liquid deodorant, 7s. 3d., in a neat polythene spray-bottle. All three are anti-perspirants as well.

☆ ☆ ☆

I feel that Helena Rubinstein has really topped the bill with Nudit. Masses of people ask me if I know of a good, safe, facial depilatory—now I can say yes. Nudit, sold with Super-Finish cream to protect the skin after use, costs 12s. 6d., and takes only a few minutes to use. Smells nice, too.

Now that bare legs and sleeveless dresses are the order of the day, you'll be glad to hear about Trice, a depilatory cream for legs and underarms (*not* face). It's quick—odourless—costs 3s. 6d. a tube.

☆ ☆ ☆

On holiday, I like to get every possible square inch of me as brown as possible. So I pounced on Spray Tan, at last sold this side of the Channel, for 14s. 6d. a bottle. You spray it on yourself like an aerosol, twice a day, for a wonderful tan-without-burning. It's non-greasy, so don't worry about marks on clothes, or stickiness.

Also into my suitcase goes the new small-size Tress to keep my hair in order after too much sun and sea. New Tress costs 1s. 9d.; use it to condition your hair, as well as to set it.

☆ ☆ ☆

Precaution—in case I fall off a rock or something—is a new adhesive plaster dressing. Elastoplast Airstrip, flesh-coloured, allows the cut to "breathe," so that it heals completely under the dressing. Cartons cost 1s. and 2s.

☆ ☆ ☆

Summertimes, with a brown skin, I often wear no make-up except lipstick—and this year it's a pink one. I love that Love That Pink, by Revlon; Matchbox of non-smear lipstick and matching nail polish cost 13s. 6d., refill lipstick 4s. 6d. Then there's Lenthéric's Tickled Pink—8s., refill 4s.—wonderful to wear with coral or orangy pinks. And Helena Rubinstein's Wear-with-all Pink (there are three other Wear-with-all colours) that's waterproof and costs 12s. 6d., refill 7s. 6d.

Holiday cleansers must, for me, be creamy, to counteract sun-drying. Westbrook's Elan, a liquid lotion in polythene bottle, is rich and soft without being greasy. 5s. 11d. or 3s. 9d.

Facts like these

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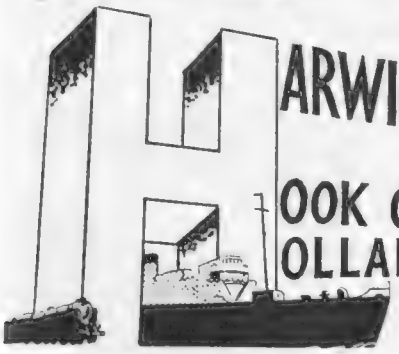

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The Man Who Came Back

(Continued from page 17)

quite come out into the open? For that matter, do men? I think Ruth and I are about as honest with each other as two women ever are, and when we are not it isn't so much loyalty that stops us as pride.

I knew all about Humphrey and the way he carried on, and that there was nothing very serious in it except it was rather humiliating. And Ruth, I've no doubt, realized Alex isn't exactly thrilling, and I daresay wondered if I didn't stray once in a while to keep my reason. I never said anything to give point to that impression, though I didn't exactly discourage it—vanity, of course.

She was excited today, I'd known as soon as we met. But she didn't open up at once, which was maddening, and of course done on purpose. She meant me to ask and I wasn't going to, unless I was forced!

THAT cramped the conversation for a while, but I stuck firm. In the end out it came, beautifully casually:

"Oh, I ran into Ronnie——"

"Well, what a break for you!" Hadn't she been trying to run into Ronnie for years! Usually, and equally casually, it was: "One never sees anything of Ronnie?" Anyway, I just smiled and said:

"What fun!" Then I added, "He married that wench in the end, I suppose?"

"He did. And it's come unstuck." She let a moment go, then said quietly, "Apparently he's in London."

"Apparently?"

"Well, darling, he *is* in London."

"That's better."

"What *do* you mean?" She grinned. "We had lunch yesterday. He rang me up. We went to the Berkeley."

"Wasn't that rather dangerous?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Humphrey's met him, he's an old friend. In any case——"

"In any case Humphrey never goes to the Berkeley."

"Ronnie looks awfully well. He's taken a flat in Wilton Mews."

"How comfy." Then before I could stop myself I said furiously, "How comfy for *you*," and at once regretted it. But Ruth hadn't noticed.

She said, "He is doing awfully well in the city, with the Ridleys. You remember Joan Ridley?"

"Of course."

"And Keith?"

"Yes——"

There was a moment of pause: then without looking up from her plate, she said, "He often sees Keith."

"Oh . . . yes. . . ."

I DON'T know how disinterested one can make that sort of retort sound. I tried to give it nothing, but it didn't make any difference. My face had gone scarlet. Ruth's remark could only have been exploratory and I ought to have recognized it as such. Instead I was startled and furious that she could suspect something I'd never by any chance given voice to.

And then, too late—for she must have noticed—I realized the absurdity of thinking this way: that the suspicion was only in *my* mind. That she knew nothing because there was nothing *to* know. Nothing anyone but a clairvoyant could possibly have known.

I had to make some reply, but before I could get it out Ruth said blandly: "Keith's still with those bridge engineers. He's a partner."

"Oh, yes?" And then, because if I hadn't followed up and asked the obvious question she'd have *known* she was right, I said, "And did Guy go back there . . . after the army?"

"Guy? I don't think so." There was another pause and she let it run on. "I don't remember Ronnie mentioning Guy. I could find out——"

"Good lord, no. . . . Why should you . . .?" I laughed, a high-pitched cracked sort of laugh. "I was only being mildly curious. Why should Ronnie know?" And then stupidly, because I was so angry with myself, I said, "Guy did at least *go* into the army. . . ."

"Of course he did." Ruth was smiling. "And came out jolly well, I believe. Wasn't he decorated? Yes——" She was making a pretence of remembering, "——of course he was. Someone saw him." The smile suddenly became arch. "Darling, *you* saw him——"

"For about five minutes. *Years* ago. In the street."

"I wonder what's happened to him? If he's in town——" She was still smiling. "I wonder how we could find out? Keith, obviously; they were great buddies." Then after a moment, she said, "We could make up a four . . . why not?"

"Or a six, and include Alex and Humphrey."

"My dear, I was only *trying* to be helpful. I thought you'd like to see each other again."

I DIDN'T know how to put an end to it: whether to say I couldn't care one way or the other, or brush it off as though I'd not got the implication, or let it be obvious I had and didn't see any future in what she was suggesting. One thing certain, I had to switch the conversation; I didn't want to talk about Guy; I couldn't trust myself.

I said, "I don't suppose for a moment Guy's in London. And even if he is. . . ."

"Well, go on . . . finish it."

"I was only going to say he's probably married and settled down like the rest of us." It sounded the last word in dreariness. "He probably lives in some suburb and goes to the Rotary and the Freemasons . . . and he's probably bald as a coot and paunchy and. . . ." It was all so improbable that I stopped. Then I added, lamely, "Guy belongs to the past, anyway. He may even be dead."

"Not Guy. And I'll bet he hasn't altered. They don't—he was wounded though, wasn't he?"

"Yes . . . he was wounded rather badly, I believe." The flush had gone and I was feeling cold. I kept thinking she must notice my voice, how artificial it had become.

Then I heard Ruth say, "You know, darling, we *all* thought once——"

I couldn't bear to hear what she was going to say. I stuck a smile on and kept it there and said, "Yes, I know . . . nothing came of it. He went off somewhere and, I suppose, met someone else.

"I never inquired and I was never told. Then I met *(Continued on page 62)*

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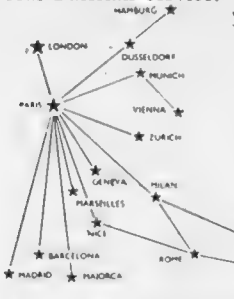

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The Man Who Came Back

(*Continued from page 60*)

Alex——" My voice had dropped almost to a whisper and I had to pull it up. "I daresay I did marry Alex on the rebound, but I've no regrets. He's. . . ."

"My dear, I've always adored Alex, he's so obviously reliable——"

"Yes . . . he's entirely reliable." The word sounded almost a criticism, but I couldn't reject it.

"Well, it's not a bad thing, and not all that common these days——"

SHE broke off. She'd been going to add to that and changed her mind. She might have meant Humphrey and, for that matter, herself. I didn't much want to know, even if it was six of one. Then, quite suddenly, she spoke again:

"I did hear something about Guy, I wasn't going to mention it. Actually Ronnie told me——"

"So he *has* been seen?"

"No. And it was only a rumour, anyway." She shook her head. "Ronnie heard it at the club. Something about cheques."

"Oh——"

"I wouldn't pass it on. It's rather dangerous."

"Do you think I'd be likely to? Who would I tell, d'you suppose?"

"My dear, you don't have to get het up——"

"I'm not het up; I just don't believe it, that's all. I think it's absolutely monstrous——"

"The fact remains he's left the club."

"I should damn well think so."

"It's suggested he was asked to resign."

"By Ronnie, I suppose? I seem to remember somebody else being asked to resign once."

"That wasn't over cheques."

"No, it wasn't." I laughed. "It certainly wasn't. I suppose being caught with another man's wife. . . ."

"I think perhaps it's time we went, darling—if we're going to get personal." Then she said, "You must let me pay my share——"

"No, I asked you to come."

"Well, have it your own way."

"I do wish you hadn't told me that, Ruth. It sounds so . . . despicable."

"It didn't astonish me. You probably never knew, but he was always a bit inclined. . . ."

"Good God," I said, "you didn't think I was referring to *Guy*——"

I DID the shopping and had a cup of tea and got in the bus queue. The people who had the flat over ours were ahead in the queue, and I was terrified they'd see me and start talking. I knew I'd be rude: I'd already had a scene in Harrods over nothing and was just about ready for another. But I wasn't going to leave this queue in the rush hour, I wanted to be home before Alex.

I sat on top as usual and stared out of the window. All afternoon I'd forced myself *not* to think of what Ruth had said, but only because I was so shocked and upset: and I knew I would think about it now on the way home.

It wasn't that Ruth had begun anything—I'd never had the sense or resolution to get Guy out of my system. I'd built up an image of Guy and how things might have been and tried to excuse the romance as harmless and the sort of thing other women indulged in—that it meant no more than going to the pictures or losing oneself in a book.

I even tried sometimes to convince myself that the image was false, that he'd never really had that appeal. That anyway he would have changed with the years—it was all so long ago, and like holidays one could never go back and find things the same.

When it got really bad, when the flat got on top of me or there was some sudden nostalgic reminder—like the radio playing old tunes or the sound of a night club band when we were coming home from some awful Rotary dinner—I tried to shame myself into realizing what a dissatisfied creature I'd become. But it always failed.

It wasn't true about Guy going away and finding someone else. Not wholly true. I'd been crazy about Guy and scared him off: that was part of it, and the rest wasn't quite so pleasant—my rather strict upbringing wasn't equal to Guy's ideas of what constituted *all* of a good time.

I doubt even if he wanted to marry me, though I didn't doubt it then. I thought wishfully when he took a good job abroad that had come along, that it was circumventing a certain difficulty. Until he'd gone. Then when the letters stopped I knew exactly and desperately the true value of my fine ideals and that I'd have done anything if I could have had him back.

And it wasn't wholly true to say Alex caught me on the rebound. My father, who'd never liked Guy and wouldn't encourage him, had a great admiration for Alex—and I appreciated the reasons for this, even if the qualities he admired were overshadowed for me by the glamour of Guy's flamboyancy.

ALEX had started with no opportunities and was climbing steadily the hard way. He was gauche in those days and unsure of himself, and it came out sometimes in a bluntness that was embarrassing.

We were all about twenty-five then. Guy was good at more or less everything and didn't show off: and he was good also at his work, and there seemed more to being a bridge engineer than a bank clerk.

That was all there was to it: Guy went off and I married Alex and we went to Bournemouth for three weeks, and then to a little house in Surbiton and then to the flat in Ladbroke Grove.

It was after one of those W.V.S. meetings that I ran into Guy—thinner, rather pale, but not changed one scrap.

He had asked about Alex and said how sensible he was and sent his love. And then, in the middle of a crowded Piccadilly pavement, he'd slipped his arm round my shoulders and kissed me . . . and I just hadn't seen him go.

He'd been there one second and then he had vanished——

I was wretched after that for weeks. I never mentioned a word of it to Alex, but he must have known something had happened and he never asked and never complained. I even got angry because he didn't complain. . . . Then the Summer came round and we went away and no sooner were we back than it was Autumn and Winter and there was Rotary and Round Table and the Bank Officers Guild——

And every time I went out, every time I went near Piccadilly, I prayed I might run into Guy. I would in the end, I was certain. But I never did.

It was dusk when the bus passed Alex's bank, but I wasn't thinking of him and I didn't look out. I heard the conductor calling Church Street and got my parcels together and started to labour my way down the stairs.

Then the bus gave a lurch and I missed the last two steps and banged into a couple on the platform waiting for the Ladbroke Grove stop. The man looked over his shoulder and grinned, but the woman took no notice.

Another woman got up from inside and stood in the door. The couple were in her way and I stepped back to make room for her. I hadn't looked inside the bus until then, and I didn't now with any real interest.

BUT when she moved, someone behind her sitting in the corner seat moved, pulled his feet in, drew his hands out of his overcoat pockets and folded them across the dispatch case on his lap.

I couldn't believe it, but it was Guy—— he wasn't asleep, his eyes were closed but he'd moved, he wasn't asleep. As soon as I'd seen the scar I'd known it was Guy and I suppose I'd have recognized him, but I don't think I'd have *believed* it was Guy. I wouldn't have thought it possible . . . all Ruth had suggested and I'd so strenuously denied. I couldn't believe it, but it was all there and far more; it mightn't have been there if he'd been awake and smiling, but it was there now at this moment when he wasn't consciously awake.

It was uch a shock I could only stare at him. It didn't occur to me even that I might be wrong if I looked more carefully—— I'd thought his face had been strengthened and made more distinguished by gallantry, but if that had been so it was all gone. The features hadn't altered and he'd greyed at the temples and it became him, but the expression was so changed it was terrifying.

THERE was no scrap of warmth left in the face, no humility and no honesty; it had all gone and given way to shiftiness and the hard lines of opportunism. His mouth had tightened and grown smaller and his chin seemed sharper: even the way he was sitting seemed to suggest a furtiveness, as though he were trying to curl up and hide something.

I couldn't move, I had a fixation, I could only stare at him. Then the bus suddenly stopped and I got off.

As I walked down Ladbroke Grove in the dark I started to cry and I knew it was selfishness and relief and remorse, and that I wasn't even sorry for Guy. I just had no feeling for him, he might have been a stranger.

I was only sorry for Alex and very proud of him and sorry I'd given him such a poor deal. And I only wished I could have explained that to him, because he would have understood.

In the garden

with ELIZABETH HAY

SAD to have to think of the dull Winter days ahead. All the same the gardener must face it that now is the time to plan for the greenstuff we shall be needing from October to April. Plant out winter greens—white and purple sprouting broccoli, late Savoys and January King cabbage—as soon as possible. Make sowings of spring cabbage, too.

Perpetual spinach is another useful green vegetable to use as a standby, and should be sown now. And it is not too late for a last row of peas, a quick maturing variety which will give you a picking in September and October.

Much gardening time this month goes on picking fruit and making jam and preserves. Our soft fruit has come into its own this year, and I have my hands full dealing with it.

Strawberries, red and black currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, are all complicating my days in a pleasant way.

The job I pass up whenever I can get volunteers for it is slaying caterpillars.

Spraying rose and fruit bushes in the Spring with D.D.T. and Derris every five to ten days is not too bad, but when the white cabbage butterflies appear in clouds, as they did last summer, my courage fails at the prospect of the cabbage patch battle.

Derris or D.D.T. every ten days is still the most painless method. Preparing cabbages for a meal, when caterpillars have had their way, not only ruins the vegetables, but often ruins the meal for me.

It is time now for propagating other members of the carnation family. All pinks are easily reproduced by cuttings. Choose strong, sturdy young growths and use a very sharp knife.

Cut the shoots so that they are about four inches long. Remove the lowest pair of leaves, and then insert the cuttings in pots or boxes of sandy soil, so that only about half an inch of stem is underground.

Keep them shaded from the sun for about three weeks, and do not let them dry out.

When the leaves begin to pick up it is a sign that the roots have begun to grow. Pot the cuttings singly, and by the Spring they will have made sturdy plants.

Keep them in a cold frame during the winter. If you have no frame, they will probably come through the Winter if you stand them in a sheltered position away from cold winds.

Chrysanthemums are growing strongly now, and need a certain amount of cosseting at this stage. Keep them tied to their stakes and well hoed.

If the weather is dry, water them generously every week and spray the plants with B.H.C.

WINE

Advice for the beginner

EVERY visitor to France will be familiar with the quotation printed at the top of restaurant menus throughout the country: "A meal without wine is like a day without sunshine."

And how true it is. Wine and food are twin souls. They are the inseparables in the art of good living.

What shall we have to drink? I say: let it be wine.

Why? Because, wine is the safest drink in the world. Yes, it is safer than milk, safer than water.

It has, too, the merit of infinite variety, providing as many types as there are differing palates, and some to suit practically every occasion and all seasons of the year.

But let us get this straight first. I am not concerned with the wine snob. He is a pest and a nuisance and does no good to the cause of wine.

☆ ☆ ☆

Nor is this introduction and subsequent articles for the academic connoisseur who might turn up his aristocratic nose at a wholesome wine in a low price category.

I am going to deal with wines which are readily obtainable at wine merchants or in restaurants and mostly within the reach of even those with slender pockets.

Which is the best red wine, bordeaux or burgundy? You might just as well ask which is the best meat, beef or lamb?

Most people like both but on different occasions. So it is with wine. Try them all at different times and your own palate will soon dictate which pleases you most.

Don't drink a Tio Pepe before lunch—just because others are doing so and it seems the correct thing—if really you find it too dry.

Don't order a château-bottled claret because seemingly more experienced diners are doing so when actually you are craving for a full-bodied burgundy from Chambertin.

Be true to yourself and wine will be your friend.

☆ ☆ ☆

I was at a wine tasting in the West End on one occasion at which four red and four white Bordeaux wines were offered, all of the same vintage year and approximately the same price.

Afterwards one woman approached Mr. André L. Simon, President of the Wine & Food Society, and asked him which was the best wine there.

She said she had marked No. 3 in the Reds and No. 1 in the Whites but being only an amateur, she sought the opinion of an expert. She got it.

Mr. Simon replied: "Madam, you have marked No. 3 Red and No. 1 White. Those are the best wines on the list—for you.

"I have marked two different ones. They are the best for me. We both liked what we chose. Neither one is better than the other."

There is a right time of day as there is a right season for each wine to show its best.

The exception is champagne.

☆ ☆ ☆

It is the only wine that can be drunk before and right through a full course dinner without quarrelling with any item on the menu.

"Bubbly," the queen of sparkling wines, is alone, too, in that we find her charm undiminished if we broach her in Winter or Summer.

Next month I deal with the Wines of Summer. Meantime, let wine be your friend.—

TASTEVIN

FOOD FORUM

by

Mary Steel

Shopping for the salad days

BRITISH women have been called the world's worst cooks so often it no longer hurts. But naming us the world's worst shoppers would probably be nearer the truth.

Nowhere can you buy better produce than in Britain. But too few of us recognize the best when we see it. We are only too ready to accept the first dank lettuce the shopkeeper slips into our bag.

Perhaps it springs from our natural timidity. But I suspect it is because we simply do not know *how* to shop. We don't want to challenge the shopkeeper because we fear it will only reveal our ignorance.

During the years of shortages a whole generation of women has grown up without learning the art of shopping. And all that most of them require is a little advice.

Each month I shall be consulting men and women who really do know about the technique of marketing. Although most of them will be shopping on a much larger scale than us, their advice on how to recognize quality will be valuable to every woman.

And I am going to report on packaged foods, too. It is about time someone did battle with the old joke about "can-opener cooks." If you can get a good meal with less work by opening a tin or carton, why not?

Quite rightly, grocers do not like us handling food stuff. But it is possible to judge quality quite well by eye alone.

Here is the advice of M. Abel Alban, chef de cuisine at the Savoy Hotel Grill for the past thirty years.

M. Alban, born in France sixty-one years ago, serves a great many salads during the summer.

Here, then, is his guide to getting value for money :

Tomatoes. The fruit should be ripe, but firm. Never buy any that looks the least bit soft if you want to use them for salads.

A good smooth shape is a clue to quality. Avoid irregular shapes with any sign of grooving if you are looking for the best. And they should also have a good colour.

Lettuce. Always choose a lettuce with a good heart. Get your shopkeeper to show you what it looks like. If a lettuce is deteriorating, that is where the decay starts.

Lettuce with rusty coloured outer leaves should not necessarily be rejected. There is one variety which looks like this and is highly prized by gourmets.

Cos lettuce must be crisp. A leaf should break easily across the middle—get your greengrocer to demonstrate.

Cucumbers must be firm, but not too hard. They should be a good green and there is no need to get suspicious if the skin appears rather prickly. Some varieties are like that.

Watercress should be very green with large leaves. It turns yellow quickly and should not be bought if it is showing signs of changing colour.

Peas should be of a good colour and not too big. The only exception : those delicious marrow-fat peas which have a short season this month and are much larger than any other pea.

Beans should be light green and not too big.

Some beans have brown spots. They disappear in cooking and there is no need to regard them with suspicion.

Raspberries and Loganberries must be dry. Beware of fruit which is sticking together, or which is dark in colour. Both are signs of over-ripeness.

Eve's good buys ★ Eve's good buys ★ Eve's good buys ★

TALKING OF BOOKS

LELGARDE LINDSAY reports on the phenomenon of the ordinary man—as seen by a versatile American author, Sloan Wilson. And colleague HENRY LEWIS examines another phenomenon—the increasing demand for Kathleen Ferrier records

Little man Tom finds it TOUGH AT THE TOP

THE Ordinary Man is undoubtedly the central figure of this century. For him have been designed the phenomena of our civilization—Hollywood beauties, washing machines, wage negotiations, and indirectly, big business.

Sloan Wilson takes his Ordinary Man (typified, in America, by wearing a grey flannel suit) from several rungs up the social and economic ladder.

Ex-paratrooper Tom Rath has a wife, two children, and a shabby little house the couple both hate. He also has a pleasant but poorly paid job that offers them no chance of escape.

So, into the maw of a gigantic, amorphous broadcasting company goes Tom. As personal assistant to the company's president he learns how leisure, family life, private intentions, must take a back seat to Big Business.

To the worry of holding down his job is added worry over a disputed will and the son he had by an Italian girl he met and loved for two months in wartime Rome.

At this point Tom realizes that the rigours of life in an executive suite on the twenty-fifth floor are not for him.

But virtue is rewarded : the president, charmed by the honest way he refuses the golden key to a tycoon's office, offers him a well-paid sinecure; his wife suggests they *both* help support the unseen son in Italy; and the property dispute is decided in his favour. Verdict on **The Man In The Grey Flannel Suit** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.)—a moving and well-told story.

THE **Straight And Narrow Path** is a difficult enough route at the best of times—and when pursued among the complexities of character and rich outcrop of eccentricity of a small Irish village, every signpost fails.

Andrew Butler, a scholar of distinction and probity from Edinburgh University, is recuperating from an arduous study of Congo anthropological customs in the village of Patrickstown.

When an English journalist friend is carried home drunk and supine one evening, Andrew good-naturedly writes his copy for him.

In print, Andrew's piece about local customs provokes a libel suit from Patrickstown's priest, hoping to squeeze an easy penny from the English newspaper proprietor. But Andrew won't be browbeaten. His defence, starting from a strict basis of truth and rectitude, gradually side-slips into a one-jump-ahead struggle; low cunning, a gift of the gab, and opportunism supersede his higher principles.

Miss Honor Tracy's blend of crazy sanity, genuine kindliness, charm (an overworked but still true word) and distorted moral values, shows an Ireland slightly larger than life. But nonetheless etched with sureness by a witty, sharpened pen. (Methuen, 12s. 6d.)

Explorer Hassoldt Davis and wife Ruth set off along the old slave route through the jungles of Africa's Ivory Coast in search of Yho—**Sorcerer's Village.**

Before reaching this training ground for apprentice sorcerers, he meets and films cannibals, the coronation of a tribal king, weird animal sacrifices, the Lobi tribe who have to murder one of their parents to prove their manhood. (Harrap, 16s. 6d.)

QUICK LOOKS

Grand Motel, by William & Milarde Brent (Rich & Cowan, 12s. 6d.), deals with a gay young couple's adventure in managing a Californian motel.

Their working day is twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, chores include plumbing, yard-cleaning, bed-making, spotting defrauders, dog-carriers and illicit honeymooners, as well as running a business.

Beauty Belongs To You, by Jean Grey (Mills & Boon, 15s.), is a thoroughly well-informed, up-to-date book on most women's favourite subject.

Writer is a professional beauty adviser, who believes that beauty is within *every* woman's grasp.

Your Daughter Iris, by Jerome Weidman (Jonathan Cape, 15s.). Iris tells the story, by way of letters to her mum in the Bronx. Racy, idiomatic, sentimental—it's probably someone's cup of tea.

—LELGARDE LINSDAY

The STORY behind the SONG

KATHLEEN FERRIER'S voice is better known today—nearly two years after her untimely death—than ever it was during her twelve brief years of song.

Why? When she died her record sales were small compared with those of popular singers like Vera Lynn.

But upon her death newspapers front-paged her "switchboard girl to concert singer" story.

Since then the bobsleigh of publicity has gathered momentum.

Biographies have been published, one heralded by the fanfare of a copyright lawsuit. Kathleen Ferrier scholarships have been founded; a Kathleen Ferrier Prize endowed.

Sales of her records are as high now as when they were first made.

One, the Northumbrian folk song, "Blow the Wind Southerly," has become a hit. "Not as big as the 'Harry Lime Theme,' of course, or Mantovani's 'Charmaine,' but a hit nevertheless," says the company.

Is this Ferrier worship a bad thing? Not a bit of it. Listen to the extended play (on Decca) . . . the incomparable voice, the peerless enunciation that is a model for the would-be Ferriers.

On the plaque in the Lancashire village where she was born are these words : "Her voice gave deep pleasure to multitudes." They should change the tense. To "gives."

Nostalgia corner. I recommend : the belated issue by M.G.M. of the zingy top-four tunes from the soundtrack of the film, *Annie Get Your Gun.*

Eight old favourites by Bing Crosby ("Where the Blue of the Night"), the Andrews Sisters ("Apple Blossom Time"), the Ink Spots ("Do I Worry") and the Mills Brothers ("Tiger Rag") on a Brunswick L.P.—HENRY LEWIS

NEW FLOORS

in old houses

FLOORING allows more freedom of choice than any other permanent fitment in the house.

A host of new surfaces available includes such baffling names as magnesium oxychloride, cement polyvinyl acetate emulsion and polyvinyl chloride.

Cement, rubber latex, bitumen and many other materials used for composition floors are more familiar.

All are in reasonably common use. Yet what do these technical names mean to the average housewife? Probably nothing, in spite of the fact that flooring in these and other new materials may be known under trade names.

Is it possible to sort them out and compare cost and durability, comfort and appearance?

Of course it is—if you remember that as sizes vary, so do costs. And not all types of flooring can be laid on any particular type of sub-floor.

All the materials listed, and many others, can be laid on a solid sub-floor but not all can be laid on a wooden sub-floor.

Old houses usually have wood sub-floors. The range of flooring which they will take is narrower than that available for blocks of flats—floored usually with reinforced concrete—or modern houses with ground floors of cement or composition.

☆ ☆ ☆

What governs the choice of a flooring? Certainly comfort and appearance rather than serviceability.

Carpets—although outside this review—wear out more quickly than other types of floor covering, are hard to clean, can be attacked by moth and damp, are easily damaged by fire and easily marked.

Yet in comfort and appearance they can be so superb that these drawbacks are usually ignored.

At the Building Centre in London (Store Street, near Tottenham Court Road), there is a permanent flooring display in which areas of the ground floor are covered with various flooring materials.

Each bears the name of the maker, and in some cases, of the flooring contractor.

It is in the technical characteristic of the great number of flooring materials available that guidance may be needed.

Apart from avoiding dampness, the chief precaution is to employ a specialist who not only knows how a floor should be laid but will spend long enough on the job to ensure that what he has done will last.

Yet for the sake of economy it may be necessary to lay flooring oneself. And for this, the commonest type of suitable flooring is linoleum, although single asbestos and cork tiles for do-it-yourself fixing are both on the market (Marley tiles; Armstrong cork).

Linoleum is hard wearing. The linoleum which Andrew Carnegie walked over when he opened Kingston-on-Thames public library in 1903, although patched in places, was not restored until 1954.

There is also a greater variety of designs in linoleum than in any other artificial flooring. *(Continued overleaf)*

What Does It Cost?

Flooring contractors are not enthusiastic about quoting prices for laying flooring material unless they have examined the site—and this applies particularly to small areas.

Even then estimates may vary between two contractors by as much as £1 a square yard.

Subject to these reservations here are the prices a contractor might charge for supplying and laying one square yard of the materials listed :

Thermoplastic tiles, 15s. to 25s., depending on colour.

Linoleum sheet or tile, 20s.

Vinyl tiles, 22s. to 35s.

Cork tiles, 30s.

Strip oak ply, 32s. 6d.

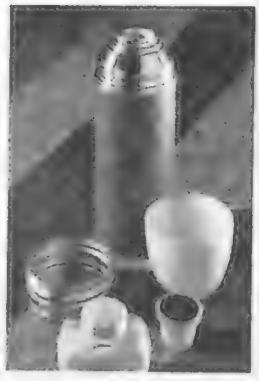
Strip oak, other hardwood, wood block, 40s. to 60s.

Rubber, 60s. to 65s.

Linoleum bought for do-it-yourself laying costs from 2s. 6d. a yard upward. Really thick linoleum can cost as much as 35s. Cork tiles and vinyl asbestos tiles for self-laying cost about 20s. a yard.

Eve's good buys ★ *Eve's good buys* ★ *Eve's good buys* ★ *Eve's good buys* ★ *Eve's good buys* ★ *Eve's good buys* ★ *Eve's good buys* ★ *Eve's good buys* ★ *Eve's good buys*

Sports special : Chromium plated flask and four cups in a pigskin case. The flask has a bayonet catch and the cups fit into a compartment in the case. The set fits your pocket. £10 from Asprey, Old Bond Street, London, W.1



Picnic time: Vacco Tea Flask has a built-in milk bottle that screws in the bottom. The stopper is made of polythene and you can pour without fear of drips. 9s. 3d. from John Barkers, Kensington, W.8

Holiday time. . . . For him : Lightweight case in "Arlyde" has a shirt pack in the lid and can be scrubbed clean. £11 5s. 6d. from Swan & Edgar, W.1. For you : compact beauty case with enough space for a one-night stay. £18 12s. from Peter Jones, Sloane Square, S.W.1

Easy ironing—at home or away. Kenwood Steam-o-Matic—steam or dry ironing—doesn't need distilled water. £6 11s. 1d. Fortnum & Mason, W.1. Hawkins electric iron, £3 0s. 4d. Hamptons, Kensington, W.8. Travella automatic iron can be plugged in wherever you are. £1 19s. 11d. Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1

Laurence Whistler did the designs for these wall plates. They come from the "Outlines of Grandeur" series, representing six different phases in English architecture. 10s. 6d. each: the Wedgwood Room at Robinson and Cleaver, W.1

The SECRET

(*Continued from page 9*)

drew it out of her work basket with a sense of dreadful foreboding. "Danger!" cried the little square of red wool. "Danger!" throbbed Emily's beating heart. It was a dear little work basket, too, given to her by a favourite uncle, and had pink raffia roses all round the edge; she had been delighted with it. But now she knew she would never like it again as long as she lived.

She shifted in her bed, and put her hands under the pillow where it was lovely and cool, lying with her cheek on them and watching the greyish light stealing in over the tops of the curtains.

Then there had been the frightful business of the stockings.

When she had first gone to school she had worn socks, high ones up to her knees, with garters which left a ticklish ring because they were a bit tight. Some of the others wore stockings, and after a while she had asked her mother if she could have them too.

SO her mother had taken her to buy some, and the lady had found the size and laid them on the counter. They were so new and neat, and so exactly the right shape that they looked just as if a steam roller had gone over somebody's legs, and squashed them quite flat.

But mother had given a little scream. "Oh no! Not those dreadful lanky things! Darling, you're such a skinny Lizzie, aren't you!—they'd make your legs look like sticks!"

"But Mother—those are the kind; everybody has them!" Emily said, feeling that terrible jelly sensation beginning in her chin again.

"Nonsense, darling! I daresay they'd be all right for great tubby creatures, but you!"—and she exchanged a little whinny with the shoplady—"you're such a rabbity little thing, aren't you, my pet? Now, how about a nice ribbed pair. That'll plumpen out your legs a bit, and make them look less like a couple of stalks!"

SO together mother and the shoplady had chosen two awful pairs of ribbed stockings—thick, wide ribs, which you couldn't possibly try to imagine were not there, even if you looked at them with your eyes screwed up. She knew what would happen at school. And of course, it did.

"Emmelina, semolina! Have you seena, have you seena!" When they all gathered round her, staring at her stockings, she wanted to jump in one of the tiny ink-wells, and pull the slidy lid over her head, and sink down, down, down, into the inky blue depths.

"Well, you do look posh in all those stripes!" Maureen had said, standing back and looking the stockings up and down and pretending to admire them. "Turn round, Emily! Let's have a good look at you!"

And she had turned round, although she felt an absolute idiot. Then they had started spinning her round, and round and round and round, till the pictures on the walls heaved, like the notice boards in the boat that day Mather had taken her to Boulogne. Fenella started shouting: "Emmie's pegs, zebra's legs!" till they all giggled so much they let her go, and she fell on the floor.

She had sat there staring at the loathsome stockings and her awful skinny legs, while her heart went thump, thump, thump. It felt like a little bird, caught somewhere inside her, that wanted to spring free, and go flying away above them all. . . .

She woke with a little jerk. It was quite light now, and she knew it must be time to get up. She sprang out of bed. Today felt so different from the other days, when she just wanted to slither down under the sheets, to bury herself in the white sheets, and not get up at all. Today, she felt, everything was going to be different, because Maureen would tell her the secret.

AFTER lessons yesterday Maureen had come up and linked her arm through Emily's.

"I've got something to tell you," she said, her eyes dancing. "Something very special—just for you!"

But when Emily had asked her what it was, Maureen had laughed in a funny sort of way, and pinched her—a tiny sharp pinch. Emily didn't mind the pinch, because it was so extraordinary, it was so wonderful that Maureen was talking like this, and had even taken her arm and everything.

"Do tell me!" she breathed.

"Not till tomorrow!" Maureen laughed, giving her a little push. "It's very special. It must wait till tomorrow. It's a special secret!"

Emily's eyes were round behind their round glasses. "Aren't you going to tell anybody else?" she half whispered with delight.

Maureen seemed to think this terribly funny. "There's no need to tell anyone else," she said, taking her handkerchief from her mouth when she had stopped laughing.

"IT'S just a special secret for you! You'll see—it'll be all right!" And she had given her another little pinch and a squeeze and run out of the gate and down the road.

Now it was going to be all right. Emily was certain of it, as she buttoned up her blouse. Somehow she had a feeling. Deep down inside her she had a half daring, wonderful feeling what the secret was going to be.

Maureen was going to ask her to be her friend! It was to be a special secret between them. After all, when you came to think of it, what else could it be—and taking her arm, and laughing like that and everything.

Perhaps God was going to answer her prayers after all, and the bit in the Collect they had had to learn, which she had underlined in red chalk: ". . . that we, who for our evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished, by the comfort of thy grace may mercifully be relieved." It was all going to be over, the dreadful teasing and the Semolina thing, and Maureen was to be her friend after all.

There was a postcard for her at breakfast, from an aunt who had gone to the Mediterranean for her chest. There were little coloured boats on a bright, bright blue sea, and on the back her aunt had written: "Having a lovely time here. Give my love to Mummy and Daddy. Do hope all is well." All is well, sang her heart within her. All is well!

She gave her egg a good tap with her spoon. Generally she felt sorry for an egg, with its poor little bald, defenceless head under its woolly cap. Her father always gave his a quick slit with a knife, and she could not bear to look. She bent over hers and peeled the top off in little bits, as gently as she could.

Today she looked with pleasure at the hundreds of little cracks in the flattened skull. "Silly old egg!" she said out loud, and laughed at her father.

Dick-Duck was out in the garden pumping up her bicycle tyres. "There y'are Missemily—good as a dream," he said. He took some tobacco out of a cough lozenge tin in his pocket, and started to roll it in a scrap of white paper.

Lovely day, lovely day, lovely day! sang the pedals, skimming over the still dewy road. *Secret, secret, secret!* shrilled the gay little bell. Her coat flew out behind her, her stockinged legs pedalled like mad; even the ribs didn't seem to matter any more.

Maureen was waiting for her. Maureen was waiting for her at the school gate! Her heart leapt and bounded; she felt her heart jump out of her, and run, run, run up to the gate, long before the bicycle could get there.

"HALLO!" said Maureen. The sun glinted in her hair. She spoke in the new, soft, funny way, and linked her arm through Emily's again.

In the cloakroom there was the usual black rubbery smell of gym shoes and raincoats. It seemed damp and cold after the spring sun. Maureen made little quick, neat laces, but Emily's hands were shaking, and her laces were big and loose, like the ears of the Flopsy Bunnies.

"Semolina, Emmelina!" cried someone as they entered the classroom. "Oh, shut up!" said Maureen, and her lips quivered into a sort of smile, and she quickly pushed up the lid of her desk, and started searching for her books. When the bell rang for them to get into line for prayers, Maureen nudged Emily and drew her away from the others, over by the window

Emily's hands, clasped together, felt very damp. "Is it the secret?" she breathed, hardly able to speak.

"YES," said Maureen with a nod, and the little yellow bits in her eyes were dancing more than ever before. She stood on tiptoe and pressed close to Emily. Emily could smell the fine peachy smell of her skin, and felt her lips moving like a butterfly against her ear.

Maureen spoke in a soft, tiny whisper; it was like a snake Emily had once seen, slipping through the long grass with a dry, slithery noise. "You—are—very—ugly ——" whispered the little snake.

"*New every morning is the love*
Our wakening and uprising prove!"

shrilled the school at morning prayers.

THE FLOODS OF FEAR
are coming!
More details next month

NEW FLOORS

Continued

There are five main types of linoleum with plain or random patterns, and two types of inlaid linoleum with formal repeating patterns.

Recently some thinner linoleums have also been backed with bitumen paper - felt instead of hessian.

They tear more easily and are less easily bent than the hessian-backed. But since the surface layer is the same the wearing properties should be similar.

A newer development is felt base for floor covering—paper-felt, impregnated with bitumen, on which a surface pattern is printed. Main advantage of this material is cheapness.

☆ ☆ ☆

Many adhesives are available to bind linoleum to a prepared wooden floor. But most linoleum is laid loose on wood and the householder will probably have to dispense with the underlays and adhesives the professional uses.

But even the amateur can use plastic wood or paint stopping to plug the worst hole. He can plane off irregularities and punch in nails which stick out.

Linoleum should be kept in a warm room for at least twenty-four hours before it is unrolled.

And since the humidity of the room in which it is laid is usually greater than that of the place in which it was rolled, linoleum will absorb moisture and expand, once it has been put down.

It will need recutting round the skirting now and then and where two widths meet one should be left overlapping the other until expansion has stopped.

To make a neat job when cutting linoleum to fit round the door—or any other awkward contour—a piece of multi-core solder can be bent to the exact shape and used as a guide.

☆ ☆ ☆

Linoleum tiles are slightly more costly than sheet but they have certain advantages as far as design goes. They can, for example, be laid in one colour with separating lines in another colour.

With most of the other coverings available for suspended wood floors, experience and skill in laying are needed.

But subject to the strength of the floor, it is possible to lay hardwood strip, blocks and tiles, cork, rubber and plastic in sheet or tile.

Good timber is still one of the finest flooring materials.

Those who see at the Building Centre, hardwood floors in African loliondo, muhimbi and sapele, with their beautiful colouring and graining, may well lose their hearts to these superb woods.

In wear, warmth, maintenance and appearance such hardwood floors score. Yet even if the cost of carpets or linoleum is saved, they are not cheap.

But there are less expensive forms of timber flooring. Plywood in, say, nine inch squares, can always be fitted.

It is cheaper than solid hardwood and not subject to the lateral movement of solid timber. To economize in the more expensive hardwood, it is also possible to have a thin hardwood surface laminated on a softwood base.

Parquet or plywood flooring may be laid only on that part of a room not covered by the carpet.

And there is one final variation on the timber floor in the shape of such materials as wood chip blocks and wood chip sheets and wood chip composition flooring.

☆ ☆ ☆

To all these wood and wood-base floorings dampness is a danger. They should be washed sparingly, and certainly not with any regularity.

In the case of blocks and boards, adequate fixing to restrain movement and regular waxing to prevent absorption of water, are essential precautions against the effects of damp.

A seal of plastic or other material, too, may always be used on wood and other types of flooring.

Rubber flooring has toughness and resiliency, is reasonably hard wearing and insulates against heat, cold and sound. It also absorbs vibration and shock.

A hardwood or plywood underlay will probably be necessary on a wooden floor and care in laying is essential.

Rubber's great advantage is its noiselessness, but it is not a cheap type of flooring.

Cork tiles are cheaper than timber or rubber and can be supplied with square edges or with a tongue and groove interlocking arrangement.

They must always be laid over a layer of, say, bituminous felt and that must be stuck securely to underlayer or sub-floor so that the whole forms one complete bonded unit.

—JOAN PETERS

Eve's good buys ★ Eve's good buys ★ Eve's good buys ★

Stork Wives Club

ORGANISED BY THE STORK MARGARINE COOKERY SERVICE

★ ★ ★

9 GREAT SUFFOLK STREET
LONDON, S.E.1.

Have you joined yet?

Thousands of women must have been interested in our last Stork Wives Club page, because we've had so many applications for membership. If you haven't already joined, I want to remind you what a good shillingsworth you get! You have at your disposal all the experts in our Stork Margarine Cookery Service. You get booklets and leaflets from us every few months. You can enter for any Stork Wives Club competitions (there's one on this page), if you're a member. And with your card of membership you will be sent a booklet, a permanent holder for future Stork publications, and, if you wish, you will receive the "Art of Home Cooking", the 100-page Stork Cookery Book.

So if we haven't heard from you already, do write and join, and when you see future Stork Wives Club pages in this magazine you'll be able to take part in all the activities. I'm your Club Secretary, and any queries about membership or about cookery and catering will be taken to the appropriate expert and answered by a letter from me!

Yours sincerely,

Margery Appleton.

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

Which wife are you?

THIS SPECIAL FEATURE will appear in every Stork Wives Club page in future. You see, we believe that *you* fit into one of these three groups: the wife who's out all day and wants to prepare quick meals for herself and her husband; the wife who's looking after small children all day and wants to give them nourishing, tempting mid-day meals; or the wife who says goodbye to her family in the morning and has a bit more time to prepare the evening meal for the whole family. There's something for all of you on this page—read on!

For the wife with a family to please every evening:—

Delicious Summer Flan

Sieve together 4 oz. flour and a pinch of salt. Rub in 2 oz. Stork Margarine. Mix with 1 tablespoon of water. Form into ball. Roll out thinly, line a 7-inch flan ring placed on a baking sheet (or a 7-inch sandwich tin). Trim edges, fill with beans or crusts placed on round of greaseproof paper. Bake 10 minutes in fairly hot oven (Regulo 6 or 400° F.) on second shelf from top. Remove paper and beans, return to oven, bake for 20-25 minutes longer. When cool, arrange rings of fresh fruit in the flan and make up half a packet of lemon jelly, pouring this over the fruit just as the jelly is setting. This is a really beautiful sweet and such an attractive way to make the best of summer fruits!

For the wife with small children:—

Children's Cheesy Cauliflower
(WITH EGGS)

Allowing an egg for each person, boil these for ten minutes, put in cold water, then shell. Cook a medium-sized cauliflower in boiling salted water for 15-20 minutes, drain, divide into flowerets and place in a flat casserole brushed with melted Stork. Cut the eggs in halves and arrange on top, seasoning lightly. Melt half an ounce of Stork in a saucepan, add half an ounce of flour and stir until it bubbles. Add ¼ pint of milk and stir until boiling, cook for three minutes, stirring continuously, then stir in 2 or 3 ounces of grated cheese, season to taste, pour over the casserole. Sprinkle with a little more grated cheese and brown under a moderate grill for 5-10 minutes.

For the wife who's out all day:—

How fast can you fill a flan?

This is not a tongue-twister—just a good idea for busy wives. Make two or three flan cases at the week-end. (Follow the recipe above). When they're cool put them in an airtight tin and use them from time to time during the week. The recipe we show here is for various salad vegetables arranged on top of the following very savoury filling: Cream together 1 tin of sardines with 2 oz. Stork Margarine, 3-4 teaspoons vinegar, salt and pepper. Fill the bottom of the flan case. Then arrange your salad on top. Easy? Quick? And it's just as delicious with tinned salmon, tuna or pilchards.

Serve this savoury flan with salad dressing, using either oil and vinegar or mayonnaise.

PICNIC HINTS

Here are some useful tips now that picnic time is coming along!

If you haven't time to prepare sandwiches before you leave take a cut loaf with you. And pack the Stork in a plastic box, which will help you to keep it cool!

As well as sandwiches on your picnic, try little meat pies for a change. Make them in patty tins, and take a couple for each person.

If you take hot soup in a vacuum flask, make sure you sieve it first so that it is easy to drink out of cups.

Make a list of things you're going to need, and check off as you pack your picnic basket—this way you won't forget anything.

Use paper plates—they're safer to carry and take up less room—no washing-up, either!

Make individual jellies or blancmanges in little screw-top jars to add a luxury touch to your picnic.

Don't abandon your old vacuum flask because the cork has been lost or broken or has shrunk. Nowadays you can buy new screw corks, that fit any size flask, at hardware stores or chemists.

Remove the skins from tomatoes before you use them in sandwiches. Do this by pouring boiling water over them; then leave for a minute, drain and peel. Let the tomatoes become cold and firm again before slicing.

Take mustard on your picnic—buy it in a tube which packs easily and keeps it fresh.

DO YOU PACK A LUNCH-BOX?
Perhaps you can win £25!

Here's a competition that's easy to enter. Write on a postcard a list of items for inclusion in a grown-up's everyday lunch-box. The judges will be looking for the entry which combines nourishment, variety and economy. Most housewives are busy people and so ease of preparation will count too. Remember, not too stodgy, not too brittle (no-one wants a lunch that arrives in little pieces!).

Each entry must include Stork, of course, as one of the ingredients—what nice recipes don't! All entries on a postcard please!

Send your entry in, giving your membership number, to Stork Wives Club, Dept. B.1, 9 Great Suffolk Street, London, S.E.1, not later than 28th July, 1956. (If you aren't a member yet, and want to be one, you can send in the membership form below and qualify.)

The judges will award the £25 prize to the sender of the best entry. There will be a second prize of £10 and a third prize of £5. In addition there will be an Ideal Imitation-Cream Making Machine for each of the 20 runners-up.

MEMBERSHIP FORM

To Stork Wives Club (Dept. B.1),
9 Great Suffolk Street, London, S.E.1

I want to become a member of the Stork Wives Club. I enclose 1/- Postal Order to cover cost of registration as a Member, and to help towards postage and packing (Postal Orders should be made payable to Van den Berghs Ltd., and crossed "& Co.")

I would like a copy of the "Art of Home Cooking" (100-page Cookery Book). (*If you already have this book, please cross out the above.*)

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In beautiful Mirror Compact with luxury puff. 8/3

Refill with luxury puff 5/6

CREME PUFF is the fabulous make-up by Max Factor that's so easy to carry . . . so pleasant to use . . . so quick to apply. It brings to your skin a smooth flawless finish that lasts for hours . . . that veils tiny lines instantly and always feels fresh and light. A make-up that can't dry your skin or absorb natural skin moisture because it's blended to super-smoothness with lanolin-rich creams. And CREME PUFF does away with any complicated make-up routine because it combines a creamy base and powder in one lovely compact.

made only by **MAX FACTOR**

HOLLYWO

GUARANTEE. Buy CREME PUFF and use according to directions. If you don't agree that you look lovelier than ever before, *the very first time you use it*, simply return the unused p